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Current Comments

THE untimely death of Austin Harrison recalls an honourable chapter in the history of English letters. His editorship of this REVIEW was memorable, and the greatest tribute to its quality is that it is difficult today to realize how memorable it was. The writers who were enlisted under his banner now command their own terms in England and America. When Austin Harrison's editorship began, many of them were unknown. Some wrote in a new and provocative manner. Others flung down a hot challenge to accepted conventions. Today the conventions which they challenged have gone, and the new manner is new no longer. It is the penalty of pioneers to become old-fashioned, and THE ENGLISH REVIEW of 1912 would not cause a stir in 1928. This is not because it said a few things which were false, but because it said a great many things which have become commonplaces. That is the test of editorship. Austin Harrison, although he died before his time, lived to see many of his early contributors savagely attacked as back numbers, their mannerisms ridiculed, and their philosophies impugned. What that means is that the seed he sowed took root. No doubt there were tares among the wheat, but that is true of every literary school. The fact remains that as the result of Austin Harrison's courage and conviction, English literature gained in vigour and candour. That was no small service to have rendered, and it will not be forgotten.

Austin Harrison

THE most important event of the month has been the issue of the Labour Party's programme ("Labour and the Nation"). This fifty-page pamphlet has not received the attention it deserves. We accept far too readily the lighthearted assumption of Members of Parliament and candidates

Labour's Manifesto

that elections are never fought on programmes. They tell us that electors are not interested in politics, that they will not listen to arguments about principles, and that personalities are the dominating factor. Yet in the same breath the party organizers tell us that the Government will lose seat after seat in the industrial constituencies, and that nothing can be done to prevent it. The inconsistency between these two views is obvious. The truth is that the electors in big cities are more susceptible to the permeation of ideas, and that certain fundamental ideas have been allowed to take root unchallenged, and to a great extent have even been actually encouraged by Conservative politicians. To give these ideas a compendious description, we may call them the philosophy of progress. Conservatives challenge vigorously enough the concrete policies which the other parties put forward, but they omit to challenge the philosophy on which those policies rest. Indeed, they go out of their way to pay lip-service to it. Elections, however, cannot be won by argumentative attacks on policies, because electors in the mass will not listen to the detailed chain of reasoning which such attacks require, and the result is that, with all parties talking inspiringly of the great future before us, the votes go to those who talk loudest. Only when the fallacies of the progressive philosophy have become so familiar as to be part of the common stuff of men's minds will the policies of the "progressive" parties cease to attract votes. At present they attract them by an automatic and almost unconscious process.

A Credulous Age

THE history of the world is the history of ideas, whatever electioneering experts may say to the contrary. Tadpole and Taper are often right in the short run; but though they may win battles, these gentlemen have a natural genius for losing campaigns. This was never more true than it is today. Deceptive and corrupting ideas spread fast in an age which has been taught to read without having been taught to think. The philosophy of progress is peculiarly attractive to the half-educated, because it is a philosophy which imagines that a long word provides a short cut. Reconstruction, evolution, co-ordination, rationalization,

latent potentialities, internationalism, relativity—to mention at random a few of the favourite coins in the currency of the new thought is to evoke an almost endless procession of fallacies. There is such a thing as progress; properly defined, evolution is a scientific fact; the organization of our industries could be improved; certain things are in sober fact only relatively true. But there is in every case a limit. Life is a problem to which there is no new solution. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Fundamentals do not change, and only societies whose institutions are framed in harmony with these fundamentals can survive. This, of course, is elementary, but what is less generally realized is that institutions can only derive their stability from below. They cannot be defended indefinitely from above. When a people fall victims to a false philosophy, then old institutions will decay and die. With every apology to Mr. Garvin, we cannot escape the conclusion that "Where there is no vision, the people perish." In season and out, the facile optimism of this seductive philosophy has got to be challenged. Today it permeates our literature, our pulpits, and the Press of all parties. But it can be challenged with the certainty of eventual success. To do so openly and firmly is the first duty of statesmen. Mr. MacDonald's manifesto affords a splendid opportunity for launching the attack. It is one of the most mischievous documents ever sent out with the blessing of a responsible political leader. It makes false charges, and it holds out false hopes.

Some Lies about the Past

THE web of history is woven without void, an embarrassing fact which places the false prophet under the necessity of falsifying the past to make his prophecy credible. Mr. MacDonald, however, is equal to the task. He has to explain three things. The confidence bestowed by the electorate again and again in the last thirty years on the older political parties; the vast expenditure on social services undertaken by these parties; and the failure of their expenditure, lavish as it is, to produce the new heaven and the new earth which Mr. MacDonald desires and claims to be able to establish by means similar in

kind, if wholly different in degree. (For Mr. MacDonald is no revolutionary: Brutus is a right honourable gentleman.) Mr. MacDonald's explanation lacks nothing in ingenuity. For a century or more we have been governed by the privileged classes whose selfish greed has created a chaos of luxury for their friends and squalor for every one else. The only redeeming features of the situation are those introduced by the growth of Socialistic ideas making slow progress in the face of overwhelming obstruction. Having by a fraudulent trick deceived the electorate four years ago, the Conservative Party is engaged in a last desperate attempt to defeat the march of Socialism, to stabilize poverty, degradation and squalor on the one hand and luxurious idleness for their friends on the other. To help them in their sinister aim the rich have attempted to cripple the political liberties of the poor.

We propose to analyse a few of these charges.

What we do for our Friends

THE Government is determined "*to make the world safe for plutocracy.*" To do this "*it has stabilized luxury and squalor, private waste and public parsimony.*" . . . "*What sort of a world have they created?*" ("They" refers to Liberals and Conservatives alike.) "*It is on the whole a pleasant enough world for them and their friends.*"

We will leave on one side the imputation of dishonourable motives. If Mr. MacDonald wishes to be judged by the lowest standard of transatlantic political morality, he can possibly escape on this head with a verdict of not proven. More dishonest things have been said by other politicians in countries with a lower standard of culture. But what of the facts? The Liberal and Conservative Parties between them have placed on the industries of the country and the pockets of the rich a burden of taxation greater than that of any country in Europe, in order to inaugurate and maintain social services which are without parallel elsewhere. We have said here, and shall say again, that the policy has been carried too far and that its tendency is to defeat itself by creating the evils which it seeks to mitigate. Mr. MacDonald, on the other hand, might say, with sincere

conviction, if he were a less able man, that old age pensions should start at forty-five and should be trebled in amount. He has chosen instead to make a charge which he knows to be untrue. For good or ill, the policy of the older political parties has been to increase the national expenditure on social services to the utmost limits of hazard and to place on private wealth a burden without parallel in any civilized community. Both these are mere statements of fact.

What Socialism has achieved

"*What alone has enabled industrial civilization to survive and expand is the tentative doctrineless Socialism which has found tardy and imperfect recognition in the care for public health and public education . . . with growth of public expenditure and social services and in the provisions of the financial resources by which such services may be maintained.*"

This is really deplorable. Mr. MacDonald knows perfectly well that the dividing line between the Socialists and the old-fashioned "reformers" is not that the former are in favour of factory acts, education and health services, while the others are opposed to them, but, quite simply, that the Socialists wish productive industry to be nationalized and the reformers do not. The passage quoted above combines a grave *suggestio falsi*—the suggestion that the honourable achievements of his political opponents are really those of his own party—with an even more sinister *suppressio veri*—the suppression of the fundamental Socialist doctrine of public ownership and control of productive industry.

What Capitalism has done

"*The (present) social system . . . condemns a minority to purchase ease and luxury for itself by the degradation of its fellow-men.*"

A bold apologist for Mr. MacDonald might argue that this is only the ordinary kind of claptrap of which other Prime Ministers have been guilty. And claptrap it, of course, is—vulgar claptrap. Unfortunately it is not honest claptrap. It is a perfectly well-established fact that fortunes are made only out of successful industries, and that the industrial strength of trade unionism has been at least

great enough to secure for workers in such industries a standard of life which is not in the least degraded. What Mr. Thomas must think when he reads that the railwaymen and the transport workers are living in a state of degradation would hardly be allowed to appear in these pages. It is arguable that the inefficiency of certain capitalists has condemned the workers in other industries to a level of wages lower than is necessary. It is also arguable (though not capable of proof), that real wages in the prosperous industries could be higher than they are, but the three implications of Mr. MacDonald's statement are demonstrably and notoriously false. The workers in prosperous industries are not in a state of degradation; the owners of capital in the depressed industries are not, as the result of their capital holdings, living in ease and luxury, and the low wage level in the depressed industries is not accounted for by the high return paid to capital or remediable by an alteration in the amount of that return. That is why we cannot pass the sentences quoted above as mere harmless claptrap. In the gravest economic crisis which this country has ever had to face, the leader of the opposition is found deliberately encouraging simpler people in the belief that there is a link between a high yield on capital and a low money wage for the worker. The exact opposite is the truth and is known to be the truth. Yet the point is made in the most provocative manner possible. Why? Because the doctrine, economically false and morally degrading, of a surplus of distributable wealth waiting for workers is, in Mr. MacDonald's judgment, essential on account of its electioneering value. Those who take the sword will perish by the sword. If the spread of this belief ever carries the Labour Party to power, a terrible retribution will wait on them when it is found to be false.

"*The Government, while itself financed by the cheques of the rich, has not been ashamed to cripple the political activities paid for by the coppers of the poor.*"

The Wicked Rich

We need waste no time here. The political activities of the trade unions are maintained by the coppers of their political supporters and no longer by the coppers of their political opponents.

If their activities are being crippled, as the result, the action of the Government had an even greater measure of moral justification than we had suspected.

MacPecksniff on Morality

FROM the inventor of so much flatulent and dishonourable rhetoric about the past, little wisdom about the future could be expected. Yet, despite the quotations which we have made from Mr. MacDonald's exordium, we make the bold claim that the rest of the pamphlet contains more nonsense, and nonsense of a more pernicious kind, than we could have expected. His statement of policy begins with a piece of Pecksniffian humbug which would make Dickens sick with envy. The aim of the Labour Party " is the organization of industry and the administration of the wealth which industry produces, in the interest, not of the small minority who own the greater part of the land, the plant, and the equipment . . . but of all who bring their contribution of useful service to the common stock. . . . Its Socialism . . . is the practical recognition of the familiar commonplace that morality is in the nature of things." What this means in plain English is that the Labour Party wishes to distribute the profits of industry as far as they represent the return on money invested in land, plant or equipment, not to those to whom the money belongs, but to those to whom it does not belong. The Socialism of the Labour Party is a practical recognition of the fact that the current code of morality which allows a man to reap where he has sown is inconsistent with the ambitions of progressive politicians. Why not be honest about it ? There is a corner in heaven for sinners, but none whatever for people who hold enlightened views about morality.

MacWells on Science

AFTER juggling with the moral issue, the importance of which justifies almost a whole paragraph out of a fifty-page pamphlet, Mr. MacDonald, or his servant, proceeds to the more congenial topics of science and administration. Here he shows greater wisdom. Morality is a question of fact, but science is matter of opinion. A moral man is a man who behaves in a certain way, but in the jargon of the time a scientific thinker is not a man who thinks

anything in particular, and an administrator, *ex hypothesi*, is a man who does nothing. When, therefore, the Labour Party feel the need of at least suggesting how they are going to make silk purses out of sows' ears, they are wise in saying that they propose to do it by the fullest utilization of scientific knowledge and administrative skill. This refrain, which first appears in page six, recurs over and over again, in careful alternation with the "luxury and squalor" motif. This last is, of course, for proletarian consumption; the former is for the intelligentsia and the black-coated. After all, it is no use talking about non-existent surpluses to the man who keeps the books. But if Mr. MacDonald is wise from one point of view in making this appeal to the facts of science, it does not follow that the appeal is the less pernicious. For it is an appeal to ignorance, not to knowledge. It is an attempt, ingenious if you like, but by no means creditable, to invest, by the association of ideas, the loose and speculative generalizations of politicians with the dignity which attaches to proved facts. The accuracy and reliability of scientific knowledge, in contradistinction, say, to our knowledge about God or man, about the mind, the nature of beauty or the lessons of history, depend entirely on the rigid limitation of scientific inquiry to phenomena which it can measure accurately. Directly the scientist deviates into regions where measurement is impossible, his deductions are not more but less trustworthy than those of historians, artists, or mere men of the world, for the simple reason that these last have by long and bitter experience acquired at least a rough-and-ready capacity to assess imponderables, precisely because their life has been spent in studying them. To trust to science to make Socialism practicable is a piece of folly. It is precisely as useful as to appeal to the brickmaker to beautify our cities. What we do with our resources will depend on the architect, and in the structure of societies the best bricks are more often than not made with the worst straw. Greece thrived on her poverty and was ruined by her wealth. Spain followed suit. The world of easy money which is Mr. MacDonald's Utopia is the grave of that morality which, though it is only worth a few sentences from him, is yet the life-blood of civilization.

BUT Mr. MacDonald is not the type who puts all his eggs into one basket. If science, administration, and that peculiar morality which will be in the nature of things when Mr. MacDonald has finished with them are to provide the main justification for the hopes he wishes to excite, our old friend the Douglas scheme is not forgotten. When MacDonald falters, MacDouglas steps in. If we cannot increase wealth by turning lead into gold, we can always do it by the simpler process of turning paper into goods. "The course dictated both by common sense and humanity . . . is not to curtail the purchasing power of the population of Great Britain. It is to maintain and increase it. . . . In full accordance with the best economic opinion [the Labour Party] stands for the systematic, universal, and thoroughgoing application of the policy of fixing minimum standards of life and employment." The thesis that market demands can be stimulated by the maintenance and increase of purchasing power sounds intelligent. When it is translated from jargon into English, it does not. Goods can only be paid for by goods, and an increase of money wages without a corresponding increase in production will merely increase the prices of the goods we already have. Being human, we all have unlimited purchasing power. It is paying power that we lack—paying power, which is won by the sweat of men's brows, and in no other way.

MacDouglas on Economics

WE pass to that section of the pamphlet which rejoices in the boldly paradoxical heading of "Labour Principles." The only principle which we can detect is that of putting the cart before the horse. The first example is the choicest. The Labour Party means "to secure to every member of the community the standards of life and employment which are necessary to a healthy, independent, and self-respecting existence." The only comment possible on this is that moral health, independence, and self-respect are only possible to men who have won their own standard of life and found employment for themselves by the simple process of making themselves useful. To teach men to look to a third party to "secure" their livelihood for them is to breed a nation

MacDonald on Everything

of parasites. Mr. MacDonald, who dislikes parasites when they belong to other parties than his own, should be more careful. It is necessary to note that the usual face-saving provisions are entirely absent. The Labour Party intends to use its power, not to secure equality of opportunity to every one, but to secure a guaranteed standard of life to every one. That it is impossible to do this without an immediate reversion to slavery is perhaps interesting only to moralists. That the Labour Party means nothing less than a reversion from contract to status is perhaps interesting only to historians. If, however, it could be shown that Mr. MacDonald has never given ten minutes' thought to what his proposal implies, it would be of interest to every one. It would be of at least equal interest if it turned out that he knew what he was talking about, but was not sufficiently honest to make his meaning clear.

A Little Modesty for a Change

THE next principle is the least harmful because it is so worded as to be devoid of meaning. "To convert industry . . . from a sordid struggle for private gain into a co-operative undertaking carried on for the service of the community and amenable to its control" is quite a legitimate aim. That, in so far as industry is a sordid struggle for gain, the desire to alter its tendency is common to all parties is, however, obvious, and it is equally obvious that it does not require the help of Mr. MacDonald to make industry amenable to control. The King in Parliament is quite competent to the task.

MacDouglas Again

WITH the third aim of his party Mr. MacDonald runs into form again. He intends to use his power "to extend rapidly and widely those forms of social provision in the absence of which the individual is the sport of economic chance and the slave of his environment." The services mentioned include housing, education, pensions, and maintenance during sickness and unemployment. It is in the elaboration of this subject that Mr. MacDonald recurs to the widespread economic benefits which will result from increasing, by means of doles and subsidies, the purchasing power in the hands of the workers. This money will be spent (of course, we had never dared to hope that

any of it would be saved!), and will, therefore, find its way into the pockets of industrialists. They, in their turn, will be made so rich that they will have to pay heavier taxes. We must say at once that we are unable to believe that anyone seriously believes this balderdash. When we read that "by the direct increase in the purchasing power in the hands of the workers through better provision against unemployment, sickness, invalidity, and old age [the Labour Party] would . . . powerfully assist the restoration of the chief industries," we are reading a statement which even if made in ignorance cannot be excused on that ground. Some ignorance is culpable. We regret also to be unable to endorse Mr. MacDonald's optimistic statement on the same page that "the full results of Labour's general policy can accrue only in the course of time." The results would, unfortunately, be immediate.

MacSnowden to the Rescue

In a later section of the pamphlet Mr. MacDonald, perhaps in a fit of justifiable anxiety, recurs to the question of the cost of his new world of doles and security. In this section MacDouglas retires and MacSnowden takes a hand instead, and the authority of the Colwyn Commission is quoted for the view that direct taxation is less crushing than is frequently represented. This assertion might seem an inadequate argument for an immediate increase in the amount of direct taxation, and MacSnowden is clearly not altogether happy. He proceeds accordingly to suggest that direct taxation applied to productive services is not really taxation at all. It is an investment. That may or may not be true. It is at least arguable. Unfortunately, however, you cannot excuse a theft on the ground that you have invested the proceeds. The objection to the subsidization of the poor out of taxes on the rich is moral and political, not economic. You cannot guarantee a comfortable standard of life to those people on whose energies you depend to implement your guarantee. It is precisely because the wealth of the country depends in the last resort on the amount of work done that the policy of fixing minimum subsistence standards is bound to fail. The nation can, and should, protect the aged and infirm against avoidable

suffering, but a nation as a whole cannot secure itself by any kind of jugglery from the risks and misfortunes of life. Once your guarantee becomes universal, it becomes inoperative. It is a demoralizing fraud. For a year or two the idle will flourish at the expense of the energetic ; after that the deluge.

The Mond-Turner Report

THAT the time is ripe for a bold and outspoken challenge to the progressive philosophy is made clear by the issue of the Mond-Turner report. We have no great faith in the virtue of conferences, and mere talk about goodwill does no good to anyone. But the Trade Union leaders are quite clearly sceptical of finding any working alternative to private enterprise, and are becoming nervous of the very clear signs that private enterprise is being crippled by the burdens placed on it. That both sides should agree that wage reductions *per se* are no solution, is a step forward, and it is still more important that they should both turn away from the State and towards each other for the settlement of their differences. Once industry can be brought to realize that no third party can intervene without disadvantageous results, we are back on the road to sanity. This realization is diametrically opposed to every principle of the Labour Party, and exposes it as a political sham in so far as the Trade Union leaders who signed the Mond-Turner report accept the full implications of their proposals. Unfortunately, this is just what we are bound to doubt. Like everyone else today, they want the best of both worlds. But there is a distinct tendency to face at least a few facts, and the Conservatives should make use of it, not to reduce wages, but to challenge the false doctrines which make wage reductions so often and so unnecessarily inevitable. Ultimately employers and trade unions can do little more good for the individual than Parliament can. They can only help those who help themselves.

The Prayer Book

THE Prayer Book controversy has taken a graver turn, the House of Commons having succeeded in the almost impossible task of uniting the Bishops on a point of fundamental principle. That it rests with the Church to formulate its own faith and to arrange its forms of

worship, and that the Church's right in these matters is inalienable, is a doctrine which cannot be reconciled with that laid down by the Parliamentary majority. It is in our view the only possible doctrine which the Church could lay down, and, now that they have done so unequivocally, the Establishment can only be preserved by the surrender on the part of the Commons of rights which they have twice asserted in unmistakable terms. There is something pathetic in the suggestion that the conflict is one which can be resolved by the appointment of a committee, while the plea that the committee should be strong and capable adds a touch of humour. No committee is ever strong. When there is work to do, we appoint a man, not a committee, to get it done. Unhappily, in this case there is nothing that can be done except to take away from the House of Commons, or from the Church, a right which both institutions claim.

The important thing about the committee is not that it should be strong, but that it should be swift. Those qualities of balance, moderation and diplomacy, which achieve so much in secular affairs, are fatal to the moral authority of any Church, and when the Church happens to be an Established Church the damage is not limited to its own members. The power of secular institutions has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. The rights of the individual and the moral dignity of the nation are alike at stake. The responsibility is on the Church to maintain its challenge to the arrogance of the political machine with uncompromising firmness.

The Police and the Public

No one has come well out of the recent discussions on the police, if we except the habitués of Hyde Park, whose moral conduct appears to have improved beyond all computation. The trouble, we believe, is comparatively simple; but unfortunately any Government which sets out to remedy it will bring a hornet's nest about its ears. The police need officers. Their duties are far more responsible and arduous than those of the Army in peace time, and the results of inefficiency are far worse. The answer to the outcry against the appointment of a distinguished General to be Chief Commissioner lies here. The appointment is necessary, but ought not to be. The

police should be so officered as to provide any number of suitable candidates for even the highest posts. In fact, the whole status of the force should be so altered as to make it a question of finding responsible administrative posts outside the force for those who started their careers within it rather than the other way about. In this way there will be no question of militarizing the police, but rather of civilizing it, of making it a career which will attract the very best men of all classes. As a corollary to this reform, which, we believe, is more urgently needed than any other, would come the natural and proper separation of traffic control from other duties. The traffic control corps would bear the same relation to the real police that the non-flying and non-military branches of the Air Force and the Navy do to the flying and military branches. The difficulty that exists is purely political; but if the Commission to be appointed is at once capable and courageous, it will accept the inevitable measure of odium which will be invited by introducing into the police force men of the same class as those who enter, say, the Indian police service. This will lead to two complaints. The first will be about militarization, the second about the resulting limitation of promotion from the ranks. The first complaint will be easier to deal with, because it is clear that the higher the status of the police force, as such, the more quickly we shall see the end of the appointment of Army officers to the highest posts. The second complaint will have to be faced and dealt with on its merits. We want to see the leading appointments in the police force closed except to members of the force. This means inevitably that the lower positions must be open to men of every social class, with every kind of education and experience. The mixing of all classes within the force is the best guarantee, if not the only one, against corruption and inefficiency.

The Individual and the Police

THE questions recently to the fore regarding the rights of individuals against the police are wholly separate, and the House of Commons would do well to insist on the separation. It was inevitable that the recent suggestions of corruption (which we believe to be very much exaggerated, but nevertheless to have a definite measure of justification) should be used as an argument for limiting

the powers of the police and in particular for throwing doubts on the value of their evidence when uncorroborated. It cannot be said too insistently, however, that if the police force is corrupt, the only remedy which is not worse than the disease is to deal with the corruption as such. The police as a force must be above suspicion, because it is imperative that it shall have powers which are only proper when there is no suspicion of the body to whom those powers are given. To leave the police force as it is today, and to clip its wings because you mistrust it, is to betray the public safety and to insult gratuitously that overwhelming majority of the force which is zealous, conscientious, and efficient. Above all, *salus populi suprema lex*. We do not mean their safety from political disturbance or criminal enterprise, but the security which comes from the rigid and impartial administration of the law. In these matters the police are the servants of the public, and must be given the privileges of that position. To treat them as even potential enemies of the individual is to challenge the whole basis of popular sovereignty. If we do not like our laws, let us change them. While we have them, we must enforce them. The individual can have no rights (and can never acquire any without disastrous results) which involve the habitual or even the frequent escape of the guilty from the arm of the law. The measure of public inconvenience attaching to this indefeasible doctrine can be reduced by reducing the interference of the Legislature with the private lives of citizens. This is the proper remedy and the only one.

The New Gracchi

Messrs. Maxton and Cook make a very pinchbeck pair of conspirators. Their manifesto is a tribute to their sincerity; but no one had ever doubted that. They have always wanted to make the present industrial system unworkable and create a new system operated in the interests of the manual workers. Now they have said so, and no one is any the worse off. The real danger today is not honest Communism, but dishonest Socialism. The trouble is that, while no one grudges Mr. Maxton his bid for a place in heaven, Mr. MacDonald's bid for office is a matter of very real concern. We can only hope that Mr. Maxton's efforts to keep him out of office

will be more successful than appears likely at the moment. The danger from Mr. Maxton will come when Mr. MacDonald has failed. It is the Nemesis of the philosophy of progress that it refuses to admit any absolute limit to anything. Its votaries may and do say, "Thus far for the present and no farther," but their mere logic prevents them from saying, "Thus far and never any farther." The result is that, when they reach the top of the hill, which is the legitimate goal of every statesman, they have to betray their cause by going over the crest and down the slipping slope on the other side. As the road becomes rougher and the landscape more sinister, their followers, schooled in the unreasoning optimism of a false philosophy, urge them forward. The road must so obviously get better and the country greener. Then will come Mr. Maxton's opportunity, and we doubt not that he will be ready for it. But it is kind of him to have ensured that we shall be equally ready for Mr. Maxton.

D. J.

Ellen Terry

DYING in her eighty-first year, Dame Ellen Terry had passed of late from the stage to become a gracious tradition. The present race of playgoers and critics did not know her at her best, though some of them may have seen her as the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet* play an admired couple of young lovers off the stage. The charm of her radiant personality was not of that sort which is at its best in the theatre and less evident outside it. It was a natural gift which could carry off anything, and her generous, impulsive spirit made friends everywhere. When, in 1875, she returned to the stage, critics recognized that the promise of an earlier day had reached maturity. Her Portia made her name; her Olivia in the *Vicar of Wakefield* revealed her triumphant powers of tenderness. Her long association with Irving made Shakespeare familiar to the West End, a feat apparently impossible today. As, however, he was at his best in tragedy, her genius for comedy hardly had its full scope. Her Ophelia helped his rather odd Hamlet to success; her Lady Macbeth was admirably impressive; but those best qualified to judge thought of her, with her wayward charm and gaiety, as one of the Merry Wives of Windsor, or as the perfect Beatrice.

O. P.

Austin Harrison

By Sidney Dark

I FIRST met Austin Harrison nearly twenty-five years ago. He had come back to London from Berlin, where he had for five years been Reuter's correspondent and was acting as dramatic critic of the *Daily Mail*. I was then dramatic critic of the *Daily Express*, and we used regularly to meet on first nights. This must have been immediately before Harrison became, in 1905, the editor of the *Observer*, which at that time belonged to Lord Northcliffe. I have a vivid recollection of Harrison's intriguing personality and of the many gossips that we had at this beginning of our acquaintance. He had a profound veneration for his father, Frederic Harrison, and had, I think, inherited some of his qualities. His culture was cosmopolitan, his judgments were sound, his appreciation was eclectic. In appearance he was a good deal of the dandy, and his taste was perhaps a little finicky. He was the last man to crave for popularity or to understand that the popular may have fine characteristics.

He edited the *Observer* for three years, not perhaps with any outstanding success. He had neither the temperament nor the qualities for the editor of a comprehensive newspaper. He was too contemptuous of folly successfully to initiate a policy which would ensure a great circulation, and too self-conscious to pontificate week after week, always speaking as one having authority and not as the mere scribes, in the manner of his more famous successor.

With the founding of THE ENGLISH REVIEW in 1910, Austin Harrison found a task for which he was eminently fitted. In the years before the war, THE ENGLISH REVIEW was perhaps the most interesting monthly publication that this country had known since Henley founded the *National Observer*. Harrison published Mr. Masefield's "The Everlasting Mercy" and Mr. Wells's "The New

Machiavelli," and among his contributors were the late Richard Middleton, a writer of great talent, never properly appreciated and now forgotten, Mr. Norman Douglas, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, and Mr. H. M. Tomlinson. I have a personal reason for remembering his editorship with gratitude, for he printed in 1921 the only poem that I have ever written; and because he printed it, I am quite certain that it must have some merit.

Austin Harrison knew Germany as few men of his age knew it, and he had what was always an openly expressed admiration for many of the qualities of the German people. After leaving Harrow, he went to the Universities of Lausanne and Marburg, proceeding at once to journalism in Vienna and Berlin with an intimate acquaintance of the people with whom he lived and worked. Long before the war he realized the menace to European peace that was implied in the militarization of Germany and in the super-nationalism expressed in the phrase, "Deutschland über Alles." His years in Berlin had taught him that it was Great Britain that was regarded as the chief obstacle to the attainment of the European domination and the world empire of which German philosophers and soldiers both dreamed, and he was insistent in his warning that sooner or later this country would be compelled to a struggle for life with the Hohenzollern empire.

It cannot be said that Austin Harrison ever wrote the books that he could have written and that his friends always believed that he would write, but "The Kaiser's War"—published, I think, in November 1914—was full of really profound international knowledge and was far and away the most important work that came from his pen.

The war brought most acquaintances to at least a temporary end, and for some years Austin Harrison and I did not meet. Our friendship was renewed when, during my joint editorship of *John o' London's Weekly*, Mr. John Galsworthy and Mrs. Dawson Scott started the Pen Club. The early committee meetings of the club were held in the offices of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, and I again had the opportunity for informal gossips with Austin Harrison. He had changed very little. He looked a

little older, but his outlook was the same. He was, I suppose, correctly to be described as a philosophic Radical, and the philosophic Radicalism of which his father was one of the most distinguished exponents was out of date in a post-war world.

I think he was disappointed, and I think he was a little bewildered. His one personal excursion into politics, when he opposed Mr. Lloyd George in 1918, was fantastic. There is a certain shrillness in "Before and Now," just as there is what seems to me to be a rather unbalanced idealism in "Pandora's Hope." Of his later work, his biography of his father, Frederic Harrison, "Thoughts and Memories," is far and away the most satisfactory.

Austin Harrison was a very genuine patriot. His love for his country was profound, even though his criticisms were sometimes exaggerated. He was a man of great parts whose achievements should have been much more considerable. He did many things well, but he was hindered, I think, by the aloofness at which I have hinted, from affecting, as he might, the life and letters of his time. But he was incapable of anything that was ignoble or trivial or even second-rate. And now that he is gone, I look back on what was a stimulating acquaintance with gratitude and pleasure. He was a man whom it was eminently worth while to have known. May he rest in peace!

Notes from Paris

By George Adam

The Security Sieve.—France finds the United States even more difficult to understand than the constitution of the British Empire. She shares the belief of most "effete" Europeans who are burdened with history and tradition that the United States is so stupid that diplomatically it can be led anywhere by the nose. While France is too consciously proud of her civilization and her past to picture America with the naïveté of an ignorant immigrant as a country of supermen and gold-paved streets, she is also too acutely aware that the greater part of the world's wealth and power is concentrated on the other side of the Atlantic not to deal very patiently with the young barbarian who has acquired vast political strength without at the same time obtaining the knowledge how to use it. While France has shown herself as ready as most people to sacrifice ideas to words, she does not place much reliance upon the occasional outbursts of the revivalist spirit in America's treatment of the peace problem.

Words are all very fine, but it is felt that a little precision would not be out of place. When two big Christian countries go to war, each is firmly convinced that God is on its side, and each is confident that it is the peace-loving victim of criminal aggression. It took America some three years to discover with the necessary righteous vigour that the Allies were the soldiers of salvation during the war. In any future disturbance of peace it will be equally difficult for the signatories of the pact to come to a decision; and even were a decision speedily reached, its only effect would be to bring individual alliances into play, for no joint sanctions even of an economic nature figure in the pact.

The disinterested character of American efforts on behalf of European security is recognized, for after all but few Americans are likely to have their rest disturbed by nightmares of doubt about their country's immunity from attack. Such is, however, by no means the case even of the present generation of Frenchmen; many of them are of opinion that their security is today not a bit more firmly established than it was in 1914, and see in

the various brands of idealism from Geneva to Washington a dangerous means of persuading people that things are not what they are, but what they are said to be.

All pacts of this nature must have initial vagueness. They are sieves of which continued diplomatic effort seeks progressively to stop the holes. Many Frenchmen feel that Washington has inaugurated a new method and has started by making a fine collection of holes, and they doubt the capacity of diplomacy to build a sieve around them. While M. Briand has not improved his position, he has managed in the long run to recover the ground lost when Mr. Kellogg took Briand's proposed Franco-American peace pact and gave it general extension. The French reserves intimating that the new agreement will in no way affect the ultimate working of individual alliances and League of Nations agreements are maintained for what they are worth.

Paris or the Provinces for British Youth?—The new Cité Universitaire and the British Institute in Paris are excellent things, but it would be in some ways a pity if the existence of these two establishments were still further to concentrate in the capital the stream of British youth anxious to get better acquainted with the French. English parents who want to send their boys to a French school would do well to consider the advantages of the provinces. To begin with, life there is less fevered and the boy's contact with real French things is more intimate than it can be in Paris. Educationally, too, Paris is no longer proudly pre-eminent. Amongst the explanations for this state of affairs, that which ascribes it to the high cost of living is probably the most plausible. In the good old days a provincial professor or schoolmaster felt his career honoured and his talents adequately rewarded by a call to Paris. Now, especially if he be a family man, he frequently has to decline the honour of a Paris post for financial reasons. The result is that many a man who by the brilliance of his work deserves to shine in Paris prefers to continue in the provinces, where he can still enjoy some family comfort and social consideration.

What the French cannot blame the cost of living for they put upon the back of the foreigner; so the lax discipline to be found in some of the Paris *lycées* is

charged to the account of the horde of young savages from Asia, Africa, North and South America to be found there. It is suggested that a process of selection might be able to deal with this problem. Whatever the cause, the results already noticeable last year are definite beyond question in this year's results. In mathematics alone did Paris hold up her head, the rest of the prize-board being swept by boys from provincial schools.

Holidays.—Parliament having taken a holiday, other people can afford to do so too, and the Northern beaches of the Channel are crowded with lazily happy families. The enterprising people who spend their winter informing the world that it is never cold on the Riviera in winter time, and that even in the height of the summer there is a pleasant cool touch of the spring in the wonder-working sun of the South, must have found it hard work to persuade holiday-makers that with 90 degrees in the shade in Paris the temperature at Nice and Cannes was invigorating and bracing. For the last two years bad summers have given Antibes and St. Juan bumper seasons. This year the Channel and Brittany are reaping the harvest in their turn. With curious psychology the French tax collector usually chooses the holiday season for the dispatch of his first peremptory demand notes, and M. Poincaré is actually devoting a portion of his vacation to the preparation of his next budget. Although he has a considerable surplus in hand, there will be no reduction in taxation and no relaxation in the economy campaign towards which the fighting services are to be called upon to make further sacrifices.

The Pay of Civil Servants.—The State still has many claims to settle, and none is perhaps more pressing or better justified than the demand of the civil servants for revision of their pay. The agitation they have carried on has at moments been seriously disturbing. Weak men made weak promises to them which were never carried out. M. Poincaré has always treated them with firmness, and has, as a matter of fact, done more for them than his predecessors. Even so, their pay is in many cases still far below five times its pre-war value. The adjustment of this and of pensions to the stabilized value of the franc is clearly not a matter that can be arranged without great consideration and expense.

Economic Policy

By C. M. Lewis

THE Budget and the two succeeding Bills which will implement its policy possess a double importance. They are valuable upon their own merits, but still more valuable as the proof of a change and redirection of economic policy. In the presence of an industrial crisis of an intensity and duration not previously equalled, the attitude of the Government had been curiously negative. Before 1928 no concerted effort had been made to frame any comprehensive policy designed to sustain or revivify trade, and no direct remedies upon a general scale had been propounded in Parliament with that end in view.

That circumstance can only be explained upon the supposition that the economic advice upon which the Government relied had been something to the following effect. Trade depression is no new phenomenon. It has recurred repeatedly in times past. Trade moves in cycles —connected by some economists with spots upon the face of the sun. Years of prosperity are followed by years of depression and vice versa. The ebb and flow of trade are as inevitable as tides. So with the slump which, appearing first in the Far East, assailed this country in the early part of 1921. It is temporary, cyclic, and evanescent. As in the past, so now, the bad years will automatically give way to good. Patience is the only virtue and time the only remedy. Effort and policy are either futile or mischievous. Thus spake the mandarins.

Upon the faith of these prognostications Cabinet Ministers had hailed each slight improvement as the herald of the boom which was to counterbalance the suffering and wipe out the memory of the slump. But each time buoyant hope dissolved in bitter disillusion. Repeat orders in the factories and shipyards failed to mature. The figures of unemployment mounted again. The early promise faded, and gloom settled back upon industries yet a trifle more exhausted.

This was the atmosphere in which Mr. Churchill opened his celebrated Budget. After 1929 productive industry was to be relieved from three-quarters of its rateable share of local expenditure, of which some originated locally, more was imposed by Parliament, much was grossly extravagant, and little contributed to the economic life of the nation. The importance and

substance of the reform were that industry was to be relieved of some of the consequences of misgovernment. Mr. Neville Chamberlain was more explicit than the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his description of what had led to the climax. "Since the war there has been a condition of protracted and constantly disappointed expectations." (House of Commons, April 26.) In these faintly pathetic words the Government announced the abandonment of their economic policy and the final rejection of the advice upon which they had relied. It was now clear that there was to be no end to trade depression until its causes had been removed—until political remedies had been found for what it must be confessed was in the main a political disease. "If they could by some large gesture do something which would once more restore confidence, hope, vigour, and courage to industry, that might be just the stimulus necessary to give it a fresh start." The moment had come to take action to compel a return of prosperity which lapse of time could no longer be expected to ensure. What, then, is to be the new economic policy?

There is but one alternative. If industrial misfortune is not unavoidable, and cannot be ascribed to forces beyond Government control, it must be due to human error—to the intervention of some new factor not present in earlier days when a number of severe economic crises were encountered and rapidly surmounted.

The years 1879, 1886, and 1893 were years of acute depression and unemployment. But in 1882, 1889, and 1899, what the Board of Trade describes as conditions of maximum employment had returned. The two first depressions were succeeded by great prosperity within the space of three years. In the case of the third in 1893, trade had so far recovered by 1896 that employment was 99·3 per cent. normal. In each instance recovery was swift and complete. National industry gave abundant proof of vitality and recuperative power. Some change must have taken place since 1900 to deprive it of that characteristic.

No changes of moment have taken place in economic structure during the last generation except those of a political nature and origin. Since 1905 a series of enactments has transformed the economic fabric of this country. Freedom of contract has been replaced by

Statutory Regulation and Trade Union restriction under Parliamentary sanction. Rates of wages in nearly forty different trades are prescribed by the Trade Board Acts, 1909–1918. The Coal Mines Act of 1912 revolutionized the method of payment in a vital industry. Piecework rates which had ruled from the earliest times in every coalfield were overriden by statutory minima, payable irrespective of the amount of work done. Since then Parliament has interfered repeatedly with national wage agreements, and in 1926, after the great dispute of that year, insisted upon a percentage minimum scale which the trade has since proved incapable of bearing. Wages in the building trade are 100 per cent. in advance of 1913 as compared with an increase of 65 per cent. in the cost of living—an unduly high level sustained by political privilege, by public construction initiated or sanctioned by the Minister of Health and by subsidies paid partly by the Treasury and partly out of the rates. Railwaymen and agriculturists are employed upon terms which either Parliament or some other public authority decides. Where public expenditure is concerned the Burnham scale is the classical but not the only example of pay far in advance of natural or competitive rates. Wherever wage rates are not subject to statutory definition, they are determined by trade unions in the exercise of compulsory powers conferred by statute and too recently and too partially revoked to lose their effect. Salaries and wages, hours and conditions of service are fixed, not as heretofore by free and individual bargaining, but by arbitrary and rigid regulation.

Employers act upon similar principles and endeavour to recoup themselves for high costs by selling agreements intended to restrict output and eliminate competition. In the iron, steel, coal, cotton, and other trades manufacturers are busy formulating marketing associations designed to enforce prices above competitive levels. A Royal Commission has not shrunk from recommending against extension of hours in the mining industry on the ground that the increased output which might be expected would affect price unfavourably. A doctrine was propounded which in the mouths of labour representatives would have been justly stigmatized as ca' canny.

Apart from minimum wage rates and prices of raw

materials, affecting internal costs, there is the very serious burden of the local rates—so serious that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has introduced a Budget for the special purpose of relieving industry of three-quarters of the charge. The rates are not the only external burden. Industry suffers from excessive transport charges governed by a railway settlement dictated by Parliament. The principle adopted was that pre-war profits were guaranteed and freight rates were to be regulated so as to provide them. From this it follows that in periods of depression, when the amount of traffic sinks to a minimum, freight charges automatically rise to a maximum. The moment when lower transport costs are imperatively required is selected as the occasion for increasing them. The Parliamentary Railway Settlement of 1921 proceeds upon a principle the exact opposite of that which national interests demand.

The Workmen's Compensation Acts have proved much more costly than was contemplated or than industry can properly afford. The cost in the coal mining industry is now 3d. per ton, or five times what it was in 1903. The law upon this subject is an example of the evils of lobbying. The first Act of 1897 embodied the first fortnight clause—a valuable safeguard against fraud, which was abandoned in the later statute of 1906 in defiance of the then recent recommendation of a departmental committee. The direct cost of compensation is not the whole cost, and the mining industry has had to pay a heavy additional price in the embittered relations which spring from continuous conflict in the courts. The inclusion of accident within the scope of the Insurance Acts is a suggestion which seems never to have entered the political mind. In addition to the Compensation Acts industry bears the cost of insurance schemes against sickness, unemployment, and old age, which Parliament has made compulsory. It must pay the cost and suffer the disadvantage of minute factory legislation from which continental rivals are free. It must carry the charges of the sheltered trades in addition to its own proper burdens, and the sheltered trades are the special friends of Parliament.

So much for the encroachments upon freedom which have invaded British institutions mainly, if not exclusively, since the year 1905. The catalogue establishes the

proposition that within the space of twenty-three years the British economic system has undergone a radical transformation. Some of the series may be considered desirable in themselves, but the effect of the whole number has been to lift industrial costs to such a height as to cripple the export trades. They are fastened at that height by such powerful political rivets that out of its own resources industry is powerless to lower them. The power of readjustment to changing conditions and falling overseas demand has been destroyed. Elasticity has been replaced by rigidity. The capacity to recover from trade depression has been lost in the process. Sir Henry Maine said that the progress of civilization throughout the ages has been marked by movement from status to contract. British statesmanship has been devoted since 1905 to reversing that order—to the re-establishment of medieval regulation of wages and prices.

The Americans have been spared similar errors by the terms of a constitution drafted in the eighteenth century when individualist principles were not yet questioned. The common law, as interpreted in that century, forbade restraints upon freedom of contract, and the principles of the common law were enshrined in the American Constitution. The greater material good fortune of the other branch of the Anglo-Saxon race must be ascribed partly to the political abilities of their constitution-makers and partly to the accident of date. But the fact remains that the American economic system has proved an unbounded success while the British system has been suffering unprecedented disasters.

The Trade Disputes Act of 1927 (substantially reversing the Trade Disputes Act of 1906) and the Budget of 1928 are significant as confessions that one of the principal causes of trade depression and unemployment is political misconduct. A confession of such character is not easily wrung from Parliament. Neither has it explicitly been made. But seven continuous years of unexampled distress and the prospect of a similar period to follow will compel Parliament, however reluctantly, to take the only available road out of an economic morass. That road is the road back, upon the path trodden since 1905. The Act of 1927 and the Budget of 1928 are the two first steps, to be welcomed as the promise of still greater reforms still more greatly needed.

Trade Union Congress

By Trade Unionist

THE General Council of the Trade Union Congress appear to be quite elated with the result of the rather unique ballot it recently conducted with the object of ascertaining the opinion of the Notts miners whether the Notts Miners' Association, affiliated to the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, and through that organization to the Trade Union Congress and the Labour Party, or the newly-formed non-political Spencer Union, should represent them in all trade union negotiations for the future. At first glance one is led to believe that the Labour politicians are justified in their elation, for, by 32,277 votes to 2,533, the miners decided in favour of the Notts Miners' Association. A careful analysis of the position, however, clearly shows that, whilst the General Council may have reason to be jubilant at having secured such an overwhelming majority, the result of the ballot must not be taken as an indication that the Notts miners are enthusiastically in sympathy with the political activities of the Notts Miners' Association, the Miners' Federation, and the T.U.C. It is very doubtful whether the question of politics entered the heads of those who voted; their minds were far too full of the bread-and-butter aspect of mining, and it is possible that they supported the Notts Miners' Association, not because of its connection with other bodies, but simply because, being the largest and oldest organization, it was, in their (the miners) opinion, in a better position to negotiate with the employers.

As a matter of fact, the political stock of the trade unions and of the co-operative societies is a long way below par. The rank and file members of both movements are not a little weary of the unions and co-op's being made the shuttlecocks of political factions, and are beginning to resent their movements being exploited as the happy hunting-ground of ambitious politicians. Let us deal first with the unions.

The first manifestation of discontent with politics in trade unionism was the secession from the Labour Party some twelve months ago of the National Seamen's and Firemen's Union. Very soon afterwards the members of the Ship Constructors' and Shipwrights' Association were balloted for or against continued affiliation to the National and Local Labour Parties, the Trade Union

Congress, and the General Federation of Trade Unions. Such was their interest in the Labour political movement that less than 3,500 members, out of a total membership of approximately 20,000, took the trouble to vote, and the ballot resulted as follows:

National and Local Labour Parties.	
For continued affiliation	1,204
Against	2,170
Trade Union Congress.	
For continued affiliation	1,102
Against	2,209
General Federation of Trade Unions.	
For continued affiliation	1,208
Against	2,064

This appeared to alarm the leaders and when these secessions were followed by a promise by the Government that legislation restricting the political powers of the unions would be introduced, a whirlwind campaign was inaugurated by the Labour Party and the Trade Union Congress, which was intensified when the text of the Trade Disputes Bill was published. A conference of trade union executives was held in London, and the delegates thereto, amidst unprecedented enthusiasm, we were told, unanimously agreed to "continue the campaign against the Bill with the utmost vigour, with the object of frustrating this malicious attack upon the industrial and political organization of the working people."

It was particularly noticeable at this conference that in the debate those clauses of the Bill dealing with strikes, lock-outs, and picketing were stressed far more than that dealing with the political levy. True, Mr. Arthur Henderson, speaking on behalf of the National Labour Party, said: "It must not be assumed that we on the political side are not wholeheartedly with you in your condemnation of this Bill. There must be no two sides in this campaign—political and industrial. There must be one movement with the single determination to end this business with all the expedition possible," but most delegates drew harrowing pictures of the complete enslavement of the people, and the ruin of the unions, if the Bill became law. This was all the more remarkable when one remembers that the high officials were far more concerned about the clause affecting the political levy than about any other part of the Bill. And for very good

reasons. They could plainly see that, if and when the Bill became law, the collecting of funds for the Labour Party was seriously threatened; the supply would be restricted at its source. Hence their grave concern. It is an open secret that many of the leaders welcomed the strike clauses; the national strike of May 1926 was still fresh in their memories.

In view of the general apathy of the rank and file towards politics, the leaders knew perfectly well that it would be futile to try and rouse any enthusiasm on the political issue. Hence the concentration on that part of the Bill regarding purely industrial affairs. Even as it was, although numerous local conferences and countless protest meetings were held in all parts of the country, the ordinary members of the unions failed to respond; the whole campaign was marked by the complete indifference of the rank and file. The passage of the Bill through the House of Commons was marked by a few angry scenes, but a study of the debates leaves an impression that the opposition was extremely weak; it was really a sham fight. Anyway, it was safely piloted through both Houses and received the Royal assent. Despite the fact that the Trade Disputes and Trade Union Act has been on the statute book for more than a year, the unions are not yet a heap of ruins—in many instances the membership has actually increased. Apart from making the rank and file and union officials alike more cautious when handling industrial troubles, the industrial clauses of the Act have not in any way hindered the progress of the unions, and, as far as one can see, are not likely to. But the political section has had a disastrous effect upon the finances of the Labour Party.

It is not uninteresting to recall the valiant speeches and writings of prominent Labour M.P.'s and trade union officials, before and after the passing of the Act. We were told that the levy was hitherto imposed by consent of the members, that any member had the unrestricted right to claim exemption if he so desired, and that it was not true to say that trade unionists were coerced into paying the levy. Of the three or four millions of affiliated trade unionists, declared the leaders, only a few paltry thousands took advantage of the exemption rule, which was evidence of willing consent; therefore, a law compelling trade unionists to " contract in " was quite unnecessary, and would not make the slightest difference

anyhow. The members would willingly and speedily fill in the prescribed form. The enforcement of the levy by rule, it was averred, was simply a question of expediency, since it minimized secretarial work, the inference being, that if the levy was quite voluntary, there would be such a rush to pay that the branch secretaries would be unable to cope with the extra work.

Of course, it was all political window-dressing. To suggest that the leaders really believed what they said would be an insult to their intelligence. They knew better than anyone that, whilst it was true that the political levy was imposed by democratic consent of the members by reason of the fact that it was embodied in rules by the ballot vote, and that new members necessarily agreed to abide by those rules; whilst it was a fact that any member had a right to claim exemption, it did not necessarily follow that those members not claiming exemption were in favour of the levy. Before the passing of the Act, the writer declared that "it would be no exaggeration to say that twenty per cent. of the rank and file know nothing about the political levy (they are actually ignorant of the fact that they pay it), twenty per cent. are unaware that they are entitled to claim exemption, and half of the remaining sixty per cent. do not claim exemption simply because it is too much trouble. That leaves thirty per cent. who pay consciously and willingly."

Events have proved the correctness of the estimate. Despite what some union officials say about eighty per cent. of their members contracting in, available figures show that, in the aggregate, only twenty per cent. of the trade unionists are paying the levy. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, in appealing for support for the £100,000 General Election Fund inaugurated by the Labour Party, said, that as a result of the operation of the Act, "it is more difficult for the Labour Party now to get £1 to enable it to fight its elections than it was two years ago to get £10." Most unions are paying branch secretaries twopence for each signature secured "to remunerate them for the extra work entailed," and one union, it is said, pays fourpence to the member obtaining the signature, and twopence to the secretary receiving it. Should the secretary himself get the signature, he is paid the whole procuration fee of sixpence! One branch secretary circularized each of his hundred and sixty-seven

members, but only thirty-four responded. In another branch of two hundred members, thirty-six have contracted in. Small wonder that the leaders are alarmed and are frantically appealing for £100,000!

Trade unionists have never taken very kindly to politics in the union. Even today political discussions are strictly taboo in many branches, and there is something to be said for this attitude. A man joins a union because he follows a certain occupation, not because he holds certain political views. He looks to the union to safeguard his industrial interests, not to give expression to political opinions. He expects the union officials to negotiate with the employers, not with political parties. The trade unions are made up of men holding all kinds of beliefs. Many thousands are Liberal voters, many thousands support the Conservative Party. These Liberals and Conservatives not only object to paying a levy to support a party with which they are not in agreement, but they also object to the machinery of the union they joined to protect their industrial interests being exploited to collect funds for that party.

Prior to the passing of the Act the affiliation fees from the unions to the National Labour Party were near £40,000, which is not all. Many unions make grants to their Members of Parliament, maintain Labour agents, and provide the major part of the election expenses, in addition to which there were the local affiliation fees. The average trade unionist is entitled to ask, What have we, as trade unionists, gained from all this lavish expenditure? It may, in some people's opinion, be very important and comforting to be able to boast of one's general secretary, or president, or organizer being a Member of Parliament, but one quite fails to see what benefits have accrued to trade unionists as a result. It is more than probable that the union official who is also an M.P. neglects his union duties by giving most of his time to his parliamentary work, in consequence of which the efficiency of the union is impaired. An official cannot be in his office, attending to the interests of his members, and at the same time conscientiously discharge his duties as a national legislator. The three principal officers of one big union—the general secretary, president, and national organizer—are all Members of Parliament; one is also a member of the Labour Party Executive, and another is a member of the General Council. One

questions the ability of any of these men to do justice to both positions and, since it is not possible to employ another to do one's parliamentary work, it is more than likely that others are paid to do their union work, which means added expense to the organization.

The members of some unions are alive to the harmful effects of allowing officials to hold dual positions, and they insist on their relinquishing office when elected to Parliament. It would be a good thing for the trade unions if this was the established practice.

For very many years I have been a member of one of the most influential unions, and I recall the time when there was no Labour Party, and when a man would have been thrown out of the branch room if he had dared to initiate a political discussion. In those days the unions negotiated with the employers direct, without the intervention of any political party—or parliamentary careerist. And they managed very well, much better than they do at the present time.

Now let us turn to the co-operative societies. For some years past the leaders of the Labour Party, together with prominent co-operators with Labour leanings and political aspirations, have been endeavouring to secure the affiliation of the Co-operative Political Party to the Labour Party. As a result of their propaganda, a proposal to form a Labour and Co-operative Alliance was put before the Co-operative Congress at Scarborough in 1921, but the proposal met with such fierce opposition throughout the movement that it was not until five years later that the Congress instructed the National Executive of the Co-operative Party to negotiate a definite arrangement with the Labour Party executive. An agreement was eventually reached which was submitted to, and accepted by, the Annual Conference of the Co-operative Party at Derby, in January 1927. The agreement was bitterly opposed by the Northern Sectional Board of the Co-operative Union by six to one, and the decision was confirmed by an overwhelming majority of the delegates to the annual conference of the section, held in May 1927.

The opposition was carried to the Cheltenham Co-operative Congress, held at Whitsuntide last year, and the resolution accepting the agreement was carried by the very narrow majority of 1,960 to 1,843. As one would expect, the "victory" was hailed with pæans of

joy by the political careerists, but revolt followed throughout the societies. Grantham withdrew its affiliation to the Labour Party. Torquay withdrew its affiliation to the Co-operative Party, whilst the Darwen Industrial Society was so disgusted that it withdrew both from the Co-operative Union and the Co-operative Publishing Society. The Great Horton Society convened a conference to which were invited all the non-political societies in the north-east section. This conference pledged itself to oppose the political agreement, taking "all necessary steps in proper democratic order," and to oppose strenuously the grant of £1,000 from the Co-operative Wholesale Society to the Co-operative Party. A committee was set up consisting of the following societies: Great Horton, Halifax, Todmorden, Leeds, and Market Weighton. In the Midlands a company called the Midland Company Formations, Limited, was created, and a meeting was convened to consider the formation of a non-political co-operative association, with the specific object of establishing non-political co-operative societies, and to organize resistance against such societies contributing any of their funds to any political party whatsoever.

Other societies which ceased affiliation to the Co-operative Union as a result of the Cheltenham Agreement were, Felling Share, Billington and Whalley, East Harptree, Paignton, Guardbridge, the Schools Supply Society, Runcorn and Widnes, Crompton, and Thetford. Nuneaton decided to add a clause to their rules to the effect that the Society shall take no part in politics. The Stockton and Folkestone Societies decided to cease affiliation with the Co-operative Society. Many societies continued affiliation with the Co-operative Union and Party because, as was stated by a delegate to the 1928 Congress, they wanted to get the political agreement nullified at the next Congress; and, in view of the fact that the agreement has been confirmed, it is more than likely that there will be a crop of secessions in the near future.

The Co-operative movement is sharply divided on the question of political action. One section, by no means negligible, believes that the Co-operative Societies should be strictly non-political, and is opposed to political action in any shape or forn. Another, whilst in favour of direct representation in Parliament, is opposed to affiliation to

any political party, whilst the other section is in favour of affiliation to the Labour Party. Now, there may be very good reasons why the Co-operative movement should be represented in Parliament, but one fails to grasp the logic of the argument that the Co-operative Party should be affiliated to such a heterogeneous body as the Labour Party. There must be many thousands of members of that party who not only have no faith in co-operation, but are definitely opposed to the movement. On the other hand, of the teeming millions of co-operators, only a small minority support the principles advocated by the Labour Party. Indeed, many prominent co-operators are also prominent members of other political parties. If it is desirable that the Co-operative movement should be attached to a political party, why, in the name of wonder, select the Labour Party? Why not the Liberal Party, or the Conservative? Were a properly-conducted plebiscite of all co-operators taken, it would no doubt be found that the vast majority were either Liberals or Conservatives, or not interested in politics at all. Does it not, then, seem grossly unfair that part of the dividend of co-operators should be earmarked to support a political party with which the majority have no sympathy?

There is at least one very good reason why the Co-operative movement should *not* be affiliated to the Labour Party. The co-operative movement is essentially opposed to both municipalization and nationalization, especially of the distributive trades, both of which are principal planks in the Labour Party's platform. The Co-operative societies have built up a vast trading and manufacturing business—the annual retail sales amount to the stupendous sum of £185,000,000. Is it likely that the 5,186,000 shareholders would agree to the municipalization and nationalization of the wonderful business they have built up?

When the Labour Party say that it represents the great trade union and co-operative movements, it states that which is not a fact. It represents only a minority of either, but, partly through the apathy of the rank and file, and partly through wire-pulling intrigue on the part of the Parliamentary careerists, the Labour Party is still enabled to extract large sums of money (made up of the contributions of trade unionists and the dividends of co-operators) from both movements.

India and the Native Princes

By Amicus Curiæ

THE terms "Nationality" and "Country" as applied to India have no meaning. India is a continent composed of 320,000,000 people of various races originating from diverse basic stocks. Over two hundred languages and dialects are spoken by these peoples, while their religions and customs spring from seven distinct sources. Climatic and geographical conditions have probably influenced political history and civilization in India more than in any other country in the world. The fertile plains and great watersheds have ever been the envy of the more virile and warlike tribes of the less fertile hills of the north. Before the advent of British rule invasion followed invasion; dynasties were overthrown and destroyed by warlike savages, who in turn settled on the land and became absorbed by the vanquished races only to be again destroyed by fresh hordes from the north. The blending of these warlike tribes with the natives of the soil regularly robbed them of their power to maintain themselves for long. Their former virility became absorbed in the æsthetic culture and religions of the conquered peoples. It is found that after the second generation physical virility and practical activity become transformed into that attitude of contemplation and detachment which has inspired the great Indian religions and philosophies.

The Indian, unlike the Arab of the desert, the home of Mohammedanism, has never had far to search for his food, and in this respect he has never been a nomad. The Indian coolie of today is never happier than when sitting alone in a state of apathy. The educated Indian applies his education more to theory than to any practical activity. This state of mentality has resulted in two distinct types, the autocratic ruler and the slave. Each takes the line of least resistance; the ruler ruling in his own interests by the power that is his, the other obeying through lack of virility and initiative.

INDIA AND THE NATIVE PRINCES

The advent of British rule was perhaps the greatest romance in the world's history. In the reign of Elizabeth a handful of English adventurers set sail armed with the Queen's charter to establish trade with the great Mogul Empire. Their voyage round the Cape of Good Hope took over eight months before they landed in India to sow the seeds of the Indian Empire.

The policy of the East India Company was to live and let live. They established settlements round the coast and within the territories of the friendly chiefs with whom they made treaties and agreements. The growth of these settlements soon converted "John Company" into local administrative rulers. Trouble then began with the neighbouring princes with whom agreements had not been made. Friendly chiefs saw the opportunity of ridding themselves of unpleasant neighbours by involving "John Company" and making an alliance to attack their enemies. After each campaign the British Trading Company became possessed of more land, until they eventually became, by virtue of the land they owned and the treaties they had made, the paramount ruling power on the Indian Peninsula.

It was not, however, until 1668 that the East India Company was recognized by the British Government as the ruling power. The Portuguese had ceded to Charles II, as the dowry of Catherine, the territory they had retained in Bombay. At that time this was an unwelcome gift; so the Government promptly handed it over to the Company. Later the Company became involved in a war with France, who for over a century had been making a bid for supremacy in India. It was then that the Company's treaties with the Native Princes turned the scale. At the battles of Plassey in 1757, and Buxar in 1764, less than 15 per cent. of the Company's troops were white.

In the meantime, the Mogul Empire was disintegrating, and eventually the Mogul Emperor took refuge with "John Company" and in return for safety ceded such territory as he was able to the Company. For nearly a century this chartered company, together with the Native Princes, had ruled over the Indian continent. It was not until the first Government of India Act was passed by Pitt in 1784 that any measure of control devolved on the Crown,

and not until after the Mutiny that British India actually became a Crown possession. When the Crown acquired India, it also acquired the obligations of the treaties with the Native States. This left India, as at present, divided into two integral parts: British India administered by the Crown, and the Native States under the autocratic rule of their hereditary Princes.

The arrangement worked well until recently far-reaching changes of thought in British India have made it necessary that the status of these Princes and the legal interpretation of their treaties should be more clearly defined. A glance at the map will show how difficult the problem is. These States are not enclosed in frontiers and boundaries. They appear to trickle over the map like water dropped on wet paint. Many of them are no bigger than a large country estate, others are larger than Italy or Belgium. Railways and roads run freely through them without let or hindrance. It is almost impossible to travel through any part of British India without passing through a Native State. But the natives of these States are not British subjects, though amenable to British law if they enter British India; and British Indians are under the State's law as soon as they enter a State; yet extradition laws exist. British India establishes tariffs and customs' dues for the needs of its own revenue.

Before the war many experts on Indian affairs advocated the extension of these Native States, and a scheme for governing India through the personal rule of native potentates was put forward. The Indian, it was said, understands personal rule, and under guidance great things were promised. We are, however, now committed to the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms and democracy in India, and it is from this point that the trouble has become serious.

The rulers of the Native States are perhaps the finest body of men in India; they rule over 700,000 square miles of territory and govern nearly 72,000,000 people; their loyalty is undoubted, and many of their States are thriving and progressive countries. But they constitute the Conservative and traditional elements in India, and find themselves hedged in by the democratic left. To the native prince a ruler is born with a sacred trust; but the

British Indian is trying to assimilate Western notions of democracy. Here is a vast difference of outlook. The ultimate control must be with the Government of India; to this the Princes have had no objection; they are quite content so long as that Government remains in the hands of he British Raj whom they look upon as born rulers. Today, however, they see the administrative offices in the Government of India falling more and more into the hands of the native British Indian. He is often a man without birth or tradition, usually with much theory and little practical knowledge. They hear those who deride the idea of a Europe under some central governing power talking glibly of the Dominion status of India. They have become alarmed for themselves and their people.

What, they ask, will happen if in the near future a self-governing British India comes to grips with the Native Principalities either in a political or a military sense; what, then, would be the attitude of the British Government? The Princes maintain that hitherto policy has been framed by a Government for the benefit of British India and the States have been expected to acquiesce. Such a state of affairs, when the British Government in England was the paramount power, could be viewed without serious alarm; the present position, however, has no parallel in the past. A new regime is rising in the East, a democracy without traditions based not on practical lessons of the past, but mostly pieced together out of the theories of doctrinaires. The Princes have no fear of progressive measures evolved out of the existing system; many of them have already declared their willingness to grant their own people representative government, whenever they ask for it.

As a result of the Montagu-Chelmsford report and the point of view of the States as put forward by the Princes themselves, the Chamber of Princes was instituted. The Standing Committee, led by two Princes, then asked for an impartial inquiry into the relationships of the States and the British Government and the Government of British India. Eventually, after discussions lasting from 1927, the Secretary of State appointed a special committee, composed of Sir Harcourt Butler, Professor

Holdsworth, and Mr. Peel, to inquire into the whole question.

On the one hand, the Princes themselves maintain than their Chamber has at present no authoritative status, and that much that happens in India with regard to the Native States is contrary to the treaties accepted by Great Britain. On the other, it is argued by Indians in British India that the Chamber represents only the Princes and not the people. The institution of the Chamber has, however, had one effect which was not at the time foreseen even by the Princes themselves. It has drawn them together in the common cause; it has given them the opportunity of formulating their grievances and discussing a common line of action.

This in itself has created a new and very important situation. The Native States no longer speak separately and individually through the medium of the British Resident or the Political Department at Simla. They now speak as a concrete body with a formulated plan of action. They have taken the best legal advice in London regarding their position in accordance with their treaties, and a voluminous report has been drawn up for presentation to the Commission.

They do not demand any measure of political autonomy not allowed in these treaties, but require that their interests should not be made subservient to a self-governing India divorced from the British Government. In other words, they stress their loyalty to the Crown, but are doubtful of the future possibilities in this respect of a new India. A recent German political authority who has been making an extensive tour of India has independently arrived at the same conclusions. He declares that the immediate consequence of a slackening of the British hold on India would mean civil and religious wars all over the peninsula. Only British sovereignty, he declares, can guarantee peace between the different races, nationalities, and religions.

Tsinan and After

By Mencius Junior

THE foreigners in our midst yet persist in the belief that, when the South—and in this term they embrace all those many and often antagonistic elements which make up the so-called "Nationalist" Government—has taken Peking, finality will be attained, the long-sought peace in China will be achieved, and the end of Tuchun government an accomplished fact. This view ignores established custom, present events and the keen ambitions of such individualists as Feng Hu Hsiang, Chiang Kia Shek, Chang So Lin and his coterie of generals, Yang Sen and one hundred others. All of these have at this time, and still will have, even when Peking falls, armies of their own, paid by themselves, and loyal only to their chiefs with the State as much a nebulosity as ever it was when the South confined itself to the territory south of the Yellow River.

The Japanese, however, harbour no such fond delusions. They and their nationals with far better sources of information open to them than the rest of the Powers, owing to the Japanese merchants, traders, travellers, and financial agents established in nearly every considerable city in China, have been able to see the precise manner in which the South carries on its government in such territory as has already fallen to its banners. To put it mildly, no Japanese in any responsible position is enamoured of the prospect of the whole of China being under the control of the fighting, turbulent factions who acknowledge neither laws nor treaties, but treat the foreigner in exactly the same manner as Chinese armies since the dawn of history have persisted in treating unfortunate Chinese civilians.

It is true that the southern leaders fail entirely to see the onus that will fall upon them when from being a factional government controlling but a portion of Chinese territory they become the *de facto* government of the whole, for in their occupation of Peking they are mainly concerned with the riches that will fall to their banners when the Post Office and Customs directorates are within their grasp. They disregard all the manifold duties that a government will have to discharge when it

assumes office and pretends to the Powers that it and it alone is the established government of the country.

The South gave out on May 21 that it "had opened the seat of the Shantung Government at Tsinan, tax offices having been established there for the province," and this trite statement to its official news agency embraces within its twenty words the whole and sole view of the idea underlying the word "government" from a modern Chinese viewpoint. This is the precise reason why the Japanese fear the advent of this faction to a power which it has so far consistently misused and which no Japanese believes for one moment will be used for the good of China, but only for the financial advantage of the individual generals concerned.

The older Chinese, the few Manchus left remaining in the country and, indeed, many of the younger generation, see no universal panacea in the occupation of Peking by the South, nor any hope of salvation for China without intervention of some kind. But it was the almost universal hope that foreign intervention of a constructive kind would come, not at the hands of any one interested Power, but rather from a group of the more or less disinterested. Few of the better-informed Chinese believed that Japan would refrain for long from endeavouring to undo the harm wrought to her foreign trade by the misplaced pressure brought upon her at the Washington Conference by the representatives of the United States and Great Britain, when she agreed to withdraw from Shantung, exactly as in times gone by, owing to the pressure exerted upon her by other Powers. She had perforce to withdraw from the Liaotung Peninsula for a time, but everyone hoped that the Powers concerned would acknowledge the mistake they made in 1922 by joining with Japan in demanding of China that the agreements then made should be kept by both sides.

The Tsinan incident, however, proves that the Anglo-Saxon Powers, however prone they may be to preach the peace doctrine in Europe and America, have no intention of doing anything constructive to ease or aid the situation, and should the expected happen and Peking and Tientsin fall to the South, with or without further incidents akin to the Tsinan happening, then we must expect to see this country subjected to a rougher handling than

anything that has taken place since 1894. The Chinese will suffer, not because they deserve it, but because they do not possess the means of disciplining the so-called rulers of the people, who for the last fifteen years have indulged in an orgy of murder, lust, robbery, and treaty-evasion, totally unchecked by those Powers whose ministers, missionaries, and rulers are for ever preaching peace and the abolishment of warlike means of settling disputes.

In 1915, at the time the twenty-one demands were presented by the Japanese Government to President Yuan Shih Kai, the writer considered that they were most unfair to China in every way and used his utmost influence to obtain an amelioration of the terms, because he and others with him felt that China had not at that time had sufficient time to change over from a monarchical to a republican form of government. But since that day much water has flowed through the Jade Canal, and much evil has been done to the Chinese people, not by outsiders, but by the self-elected and wholly selfish politicians, generals, and other transient rulers. Each and all—General Tsai Ao alone excepted—have used their term of office to amass wealth and position at the expense of the toiling masses, who have had no say whatever in the government of the country. Today, whatever the selfish interests of the other Powers may cause them to feel regarding Japanese action, there does exist in the minds of many Chinese, amidst the fears they have for the possible extinction of their country's freedom, a strong conviction that any form of intervention is better than a continuance of the present conditions.

It would be as well for Western statesmen to grasp this well-meant, but misplaced, new feeling, for in the main they have indirectly fostered its advent by their abstention from asserting the treaty rights of their nationals. Had the Powers warned China carefully and precisely of the sanctions they proposed to exact from her "rulers" if any untoward events happened, such as those of Nanking and Tsinan, we may rest assured that those incidents would not have taken place. But the Powers refrained from issuing such warnings, and the consequence is that the horribly misused Chinese populations will now have to shoulder the burden and the punishments exacted by the Powers, whilst the leaders who committed these

atrocities will escape free to live with their enhanced bank balances in peace and luxury abroad.

Japan, on the other hand, has shown since Tsinan an appreciation of the real facts of the situation entirely lacking in others, since she has expressly called for the punishment of the actual leaders responsible for the Tsinan incident. In that action she has endeared herself to many of the more logical Chinese, because it should be obvious, even to the most bigoted American missionary, that she is preparing to help the Chinese people to rid themselves of the incubus which threatens the extinction of all real sovereignty in the country and which they have themselves no means to cope with.

If British statesmen value their country's trade with China, they should be prepared, either to join hands with Japan in exerting themselves to eradicate the present venal, corrupt, and selfish coterie of politicians and generals who are so swiftly destroying the country's power and prestige, or else, if they find this impossible, they should refrain from interfering with Japan's actions. Certainly no British writer has any right to criticize such actions, as, whatever else may be said on the subject, no evidence exists to show that present-day British statesmen have any regard whatever for the actual Chinese people, although much exists to show that British Consul-Generals and other officials have pandered to the vanity and love of misused power exercised by General Chiang Kia Shek, Mr. Eugene Chen, Mr. Huang Fu, and others who have consistently maltreated and misgoverned our people.

The sight of the British and American Governments sitting by with folded hands, with camps full of infantry, artillery, and all the modern aids in deadly science at their instant command, with the shadows of their war vessels thick upon our rivers, whilst millions of our people are being killed, mutilated, raped, and robbed by the very gentry whose weddings and receptions their representatives honour with their presence, is not one calculated to make the average Eastern thinker, however little his erudition may be, enamoured of the culture of those countries. Yet their ambassadors at this time are exchanging notes with each other concerning the abolition of war as an instrument of national policy.

We should prefer to see a country, even if not a Christian country, ready to use its culture to effect an improvement in our conditions—yes, even if it might mean at the worst a surrender to an ordered foreign government for a time of those rights and privileges which we have never possessed as a people since the beginning of the century. We realize that at the worst we must absorb any Power who seeks territorial aggrandizement at our expense, but even more greatly should we desire to see a Commission appointed that would seize the persons of all unscrupulous and ambitious officials, relegating them to a limbo where their nefarious activities would harm no one, whilst we were governed by appointed officials who would have no personal ambitions except to give us a decently ordered government suitable to our needs.

If Britain and America, however, refuse to aid us, why should we concern ourselves about them or their trade? If Japan alone enters where the Western angels fear to tread, and has not the financial means to permit her to afford us decent government and, as America took pains to show her this past winter, the New York market is not open for floating what the Americans are pleased to call "political loans," she needs must recoup herself from the Customs and other sources of revenue as best she can. In that case both British and American imports will probably suffer some diminution, but if this happens, surely no one in the West can take exception to it, as both England and the States have behaved in precisely similar fashion in other countries which they have been instrumental in improving.

Tsinan and the incident now connected with its name will mean to the future far more than the Nanking incident did; it will cause a ripple to run far across the ocean of international dealings; it will show it was the slackness of the Powers in regard to Nanking that removed from the young men who make up the "Nationalist Government" a fear that the Powers might object to having their nationals treated as are ordinary Chinese populations whenever a town is taken by the nationalist troops. Once these young men found that they could slay foreigners with no less impunity than their own countrymen, the board was cleared for action, the Soviet advisers grew insistent, the labour unions active, and nothing

that the more clear-headed members of the get-rich-quick community could advance would hold the militant members from the determination to seize Peking and get their hands on the Customs and other main sources of revenue—be the results what they might.

That Tsinan lay in their course was unfortunate, as it will be that the cities of Tientsin and Peking both contain considerable numbers of foreigners who, if they get in the way, will be killed out of hand and their property scattered to the winds, despite the pitifully small foreign garrisons existing at both places. But it is not nearly so unfortunate for the civilian population of China at large that the Tsinan incident has ended as it has, for at least the young men now pause and faintly begin to wonder if Japan means all she says, whether it will be wise at this juncture to put the fear of the white man's God into the foreign populations, especially the Japanese populations. Even a European and non-experienced Foreign Office representative will appreciate the difficulties in modern warfare in so arranging the sack of towns as to provide that none of the Japanese get killed or their property injured in an otherwise all-embracing holocaust. Hence Tsinan to us, who fear the sack of Peking more than we do the Judgment Day, is not altogether without its compensations, and the resulting Japanese actions not so repulsive as they may be to the young men who so ably entertain British and American officials in Shanghai as well as in the chancelleries in Europe.

These considerations, the humble feelings of a humble people, the day-to-day fears, the ever-present dread of sudden uprisings and death mean far more to our people than the greater and more far-reaching international implications visible to foreign politicians. These in the rush of constant changes in world situations may be ready to view the present Japanese action in a far different light than do the humble millions whose interests lie much nearer the situation than foreign statesmen can understand.

That Britain and the United States, the two Powers who in the past have proved such towers of democracy and now are such preachers of peace, should persist in

regarding the band of assassins, slayers, robbers, and treaty-evaders as representing the Chinese people, when the two nations have before them the findings of such men as Mr. Silas Strawn and others, who but recently have made the most far-searching inspection of conditions here, is not the least amazing thing in the present situation. If, on top of their other actions, these two Powers should, for selfish reasons of their own, so far forget the necessities of our mishandled and terror-stricken masses as actively to take sides against Japan at the present time, the democracy and other cultural ethics taught by them here will receive an even worse set-back at the hands of the people than they did at the hands of the Soviet sympathisers two years ago.

In Central America we see the United States so solicitous for the welfare of the Nicaraguan masses as to safeguard the elections there by armed interference; and in Egypt we see Great Britain equally careful regarding the passing of a Police Bill. But in China, where the suffering populations outnumber the Central American Republic and the Egyptian State combined by more than four hundred million, we find statesmen and diplomatic representatives actively supporting and abetting the eight or nine hundred politicians, generals and tuchuns, and the foreign representatives of these self-appointed gentry. More than this, the great Anglo-Saxon democracies feel so confident of their heaven-sent superiority and accuracy of judgment that their missionary and cultural bodies ask us to accept their view of events both temporal and eternal, whilst their Press looks with a cynical eye on the action of a non-Christian country whose realism is not blinded by the torrential verbosity of the few hundreds of self-seekers who feel their positions threatened by recent happenings in the two-thousand-year-old city of Tsinanfu.

But we, who have to foot all bills, whose bodies have to bear all punishments, and who have neither voice nor say in our destinies, cannot look to the West for guidance or support, but must perforce seek it nearer home at the hands of a Power who pretends less, but whose actions show a greater sympathy toward us.

PEKING, *June* 1928.

Danzig, the Polish Corridor and Poland

A Reply to Mr. Melville

By "Dantiscus"

It may seem a forlorn endeavour to attempt to convert a critic who, although firm in his resolve to maintain impartiality, is compelled to derive his knowledge from secondary sources—sources at present clouded by polemics,—and who therefore accepts with unconscious bias errors of historical fact and aberrations of judgment.

Nevertheless, I feel myself bound in the interest of truth to correct a number of the most glaring of the errors contained in the essay which appeared from the pen of Mr. C. F. Melville* in reply to my article entitled: "Poland's Claim to the Vistula Corridor and Danzig."†

In contradistinction to my own position, Mr. Melville derives Poland's claims to the Corridor equally from historical, ethnographic, and economic considerations. We will begin with the economic claims. Pre-eminently it is in Poland's access to the sea that he sees a compelling and therefore just ground for the creation of the Corridor. For without this "Poland would be bolted and barred from the sea by a German barrier . . . whereas Germany in any case has access to the sea." Mr. Melville reproaches his countrymen with being often more sentimental than logical. The catchword, "bolted and barred from the sea" is certainly sentimental and not entirely logical. The statement that the restoration of the *status quo ante* would substitute a German for a Polish Corridor is specious; but it does not revoke the fact that the creation of the present Corridor was a disruption of Germany, while the reparation of this wrong would not be a disruption of Poland. Moreover, it was not absolutely necessary to dissever German territory in order

* "Poland, Germany, and the Corridor," in May issue of The English Review.

† April issue of The English Review.

to create an outlet to the sea for Poland, even if the latter had been absolutely necessary. That the necessity of the latter may be doubted is borne out by the example of other similarly situated countries, such as Switzerland, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria and Hungary, which all conduct their extensive and necessary overseas trade without a national port. That the Allied Powers after the war doubted this necessity is shown by the fact that neither President Wilson nor Great Britain even immediately after the conclusion of hostilities was willing to sanction any enlargement of Poland by the cession of German territory; both envisaged a complete satisfaction of Poland's needs in a shipping and railways' convention, in the internationalization of the Vistula, and the creation of a free harbour at Danzig. It was Dmowski's radical and uncompromising pertinacity and the pro-Polish co-operation of M. Clemenceau that revoked this attitude. The motives which were responsible for its revocation were far removed from those of equity. That these motives were potent and decisive is seen in the case of Austria and Hungary, who were even deprived of their existing and sole means of access to the sea through the ports of Trieste and Fiume, which were ceded to Italy and Yugo-Slavia. If, therefore, the overseas trade of other States can be so satisfactorily conducted without territorial access to the sea that two of them could even be cut off from it, why should not this be true of Poland? Unless a predatory act of retribution were assumed as the motive for the action of the Allied Powers against Austria and Hungary—an explanation which reasonable persons will probably not entertain—the moving considerations will have been ethnographic: the population of the two ports was predominantly Italian or Croatian. Such ethnographic considerations, however, cannot be argued in favour of Poland in the case of the Corridor and Danzig. The Corridor problem is inseparable from that of Danzig, whether Mr. Melville is willing to admit this or not, even if the sole reason which he advances—that it is " a separate political entity "—is accepted. According to the Poles and their friends and protagonists, the Free City of Danzig, just as much as the Corridor, was created exclusively for Poland in order to assure it access to the

sea; and in consonance with this principle Poland was conceded such far-reaching rights at Danzig (which it has consistently endeavoured to enlarge) that the status of the Free City as " a separate political entity " has been reduced to a purely theoretical quality, while Danzig in practice is kept only too well reminded of its subservience to the Corridor. Economically it is, as it always was, part of the Corridor. Has it not been incorporated compulsorily in the Polish economy; have not its railways been alienated; and has not Poland been invested with the administration of its foreign relations? The Polish postal system is able to compete with the Danzig Post Office throughout a certain area of Danzig, which according to official statistics involves a loss for Danzig of one million gulden annually. Poland has established a munitions' depot and a military base at Danzig; both of these institutions conflict with the clear provisions of the Peace Treaty, and were founded in defiance of the vigorous protests of the Free City; and in addition the former constitutes a standing menace to the existence of the port and the well-being of the Free City. Danzig has been " bolted and barred "—to use Mr. Melville's expression—from Germany, of which it formed economically an integral part; its economy has been crippled by its association with the totally dissimilar and unstable Polish economic organism; and it is impossible to foresee how the economic crisis, which has now lasted for a number of years, will issue.

But according to Mr. Melville the port is prospering; the export figures, which he compares with the pre-war totals, provide the happiest of auguries for the future. He forgets to mention that exports before the war were confined exclusively to industrial and agricultural products, which were a source of considerable profit to Danzig trade and industry, while the present figures relate almost exclusively to coal and timber exports, which benefit the Poles, but not the population of the Free City.* The criterion is not tonnage, but profitability.

* Formerly sugar and corn were warehoused, sold, and exported by Danzig exporters; timber was also sawn and worked at Danzig. Now the export of sugar and corn has almost ceased; and both coal and timber (already sawn) are sold and exported direct from Poland, and touch Danzig only in transit.

He forgets further to state that imports to Danzig have been almost completely strangled by the Polish customs' barrier, with the result that not only is the trade of the city injured, but the State deprived of its most vital revenues. And despite this Danzig is said not to belong to the Corridor!

To describe it as a "separate political entity," when it has been torn away from Germany, and although not under Polish sovereignty is nevertheless exposed to Polish chicane, is merely a play on words. It was not to liberate the 400,000 German inhabitants that they were taken away from Germany and handed over to Poland, but simply and solely to benefit Poland. Danzig belongs to the Corridor, despite its nominal separate political identity, and must be reckoned in with the Corridor both statistically and as regards its population. The fact remains that in 1910 there were 652,000 Germans against 445,000 Poles and 91,000 Cashubes; or 207,000 more Germans than Poles and 561,000 more than Cashubes. Whether such a population constitutes a territory inhabited by an indisputably Polish population in the sense of No. 13 of President Wilson's points may be left to the judgment of fair-minded persons.

That the racial conditions have since been displaced through the expulsion of hundreds of thousands of inhabitants either by chicane or downright compulsion does not alter the fundamental position. Moreover, Mr. Melville may rest assured that the 743,000 Poles who are said now to inhabit the Corridor include an infinitely greater number of officials and military and naval effectives than was the case in Prussian times.

Mr. Melville states that the unsuitability of four-fifths of the Vistula for navigation is the fault not of Poland but of Russia, who deliberately neglected to regulate it. Russia may have considered that strategically the river was best left unregulated; but there was no such reason why Poland should not have attempted its regulation before 1772. The last fifth of the river course from Thorn to the estuary was embanked by the Teutonic Order in the fourteenth century, and thus made suitable for navigation, yet during the centuries which followed up till 1772 it did not occur to Poland to follow this example.

In any event the fact remains that Poland is now allowing the lower fifth of the river, which was regulated by Prussia at enormous expense, to dilapidate, so that in the course of a whole month now the number of ships using the Vistula is barely as high as it once was in a single day. Experts have expressed their conviction that Poland is deliberately allowing the Vistula to silt up in order to lessen the competition of Danzig with the port of Gdynia, which has no water communication with the hinterland. The establishment of a port at Gdynia would lack all justification, if Poland really intended to utilize the highly developed port of Danzig. That, however, is not its intention; Danzig refuses to surrender its national and political independence, and Poland is therefore striving by unintermittent pressure to weaken its resistance.

Mr. Melville calls the Cashubes ethnographic Poles, and argues that prior to 1308 they were just as completely a part of Poland as the other Polish dukedoms, which were also ruled by independent dukes. Both the German philologist, Dr. Lorenz, and the Polish, Kasimierz Nitsch, emphasize that " the Cashube dialects as a whole are to be contradistinguished in the narrower sense of the word from the Polish dialects" (Nitsch) ; that is to say that Cashube is cognate with Polish, but as an independent branch of the West Slav languages. These facts are now accepted by philologists, so that it is a mistake to say that the Cashubes are ethnographically a branch of the Poles, like the Kujavians and other Polish stocks, and are distinguishable only in the sense that the Bavarians, Saxons, Suabians, and Tirolese are distinguishable among themselves. The Cashubes are to be aligned with the Poles, Czechs, and Russians, just as the Germans with the Danes and Swedes.

The historical case bears a similar complexion. The resistance offered by the Cashube Dukes to the Polish efforts at subjugation, the line of fortresses established in the south of their territory, and the incessant struggles for their possession, prove how little they felt themselves part of the Polish State. In a document dated 1220, Duke Swantopolk, the most prominent of the Cashube Dukes, referred to the Poles and to the heathen Prussians without differentiation as enemies of Cashubia. The

Popes at that time also referred in their documents to Pomerellia, i.e. Cashubia and its dukes, as contra-distinguished from Poland. Thus in 1227 Gregory IX took up the cause of Duke Swantopolk and his people against the Polish Dukes who, with the aid of heathens, were ravaging his land. Urban IV in a document dated 1267 spoke of his former activities as legate in Poland, Pomerellia, and Prussia.

In 1343 the Polish King Casimir the Great, solemnly renounced for himself and his successors all claim to the title of Duke of Pomerellia, and all right to use it either in writing or on his seals. At the same time the Polish bishops attested in a public instrument that they were present when King Casimir renounced for himself and his successors all claim to Pomerellia and Culmerland and recognized the legal title of the Teutonic Order to those territories. The high Polish dignitaries, the Voyvodes and Castellans, also declared on oath that they would never support attacks by the King of Poland or anyone else against Pomerellia or Culmerland. (Dogiel, "Codex diplomaticus regni Poloniæ," Vol. 4.) These were the same circles which in 1569 induced the Polish king against his better inclination to violate the oath.

The attribution of the campaign of the Teutonic Order against Danzig in 1308 to vassalage of the Order to Poland is an absurd surrender to mendacious Polish legends. The Teutonic Order was never for one moment in the whole course of the fourteenth century under Polish vassalage, but was a completely independent sovereign State.

Limits of space must confine me to the correction of two further errors. Mr. Melville challenges my statement that Pomerellia did not belong to Poland between 1454 and 1569, but enjoyed its own constitution; he states that Posen, Krakau, Lemberg, and Warsaw were also self-governing; and he denies that the self-government of Pomerellia was abrogated at the *coup d'état* of 1569. From 1454, he says, Pomerellia was part of Poland and was governed by Polish Voyvodes. This argument is invalid. In 1454 Prussia received a solemn charter from the King of Poland, which guaranteed (1) its own legislature, and (2) the right to fill all temporal and ecclesiastical

offices with born Prussians. Between 1454 and 1569 the Voyvodes of Prussia were exclusively Prussians, and since in Prussia only Germans possessed the necessary education, these Prussians were Germans. The country was governed by a Prussian diet with its seat in Prussia. The language of the diet was German; Polish laws were invalid in Prussia; the Prussians took no part in the sessions of the Polish diets, and even declined to take part in such sessions when their participation was demanded by the Polish king. The political status of Prussia was thus totally differentiated from that of the Polish provinces referred to. This was all reversed at one stroke by the *coup d'état* of Lublin, and Prussia was reduced to the same provincial status with the remaining parts of Poland. Thereafter laws for West Prussia were enacted not in the Prussian, but in the Polish diets; the former sank into insignificance, official positions were filled by Poles, and Polish judicature, Polish lawlessness and arbitrariness, an oligarchy of the nobles, and the revocation of the legal rights of the burgesses and peasants supervened. And since in Poland the cities were excluded from the diets, the West Prussian cities, with the exception of Thorn, Graudenz, and Elbing, were also deprived of their former rights and thrown on the mercy and arbitrariness of the temporal and ecclesiastical lords. This was the "home rule" which Mr. Melville says remained unabolished after 1569.

The Polish statement that East Prussia before 1871 was only a German colony, and was never part of Germany —which Mr. Melville repeats—I showed in my first essay to be devoid of foundation. Mr. Melville advances no new evidence in support of the statement which he adopts. East Prussia was the most important part of Prussia, it was the cradle of the Prussian kingdom—and gave its name in fact to the Prussian State.

It is an eloquent commentary on the position that foreigners who have visited the Corridor and Danzig and subjected the problem to careful examination have recognized the untenability of the present position, the injustice of the solution attempted by the Treaty of Versailles, and the menace which it provides to the peace of Europe. Very recently a French authority, Professor

Scelle, of the University of Dijon, in a discussion of the problem in *Le Progrès Civique*, raised the question whether in the event of a German victory in the war France would have tolerated the creation of a German corridor from Strasburg to Boulogne, and came to the conclusion that Poland does not require a corridor to the sea, and that Poland's own interests demand some other solution of the problem than the present. Another Frenchman, M. Tourly, a correspondent of the Paris *Le Soir*, in a series of articles entitled "Berlin-Warsaw-Danzig,"* has shown the untenability and absurdity of the Corridor, and the intolerable conditions it has created for Danzig, East Prussia, and Germany.

This view is finding more and more acceptance among earnest lovers of peace and justice, and it may be left to the judgment of history whether the denial of justice by unwarrantable violation is a question of sentimentality or of the elementary principles of every modern system of philosophy.

If, as Mr. Melville says, Poland is to be accepted as a fact, it does not follow that this must be done in a way which grossly and permanently violates Germany's pride and self-consciousness. It is the task of statesmanship to find a solution; and it seems that the method proposed by Professor Scelle at the end of his article is infinitely more logical and equitable than Mr. Melville's.

* Since published in book form: "Le Conflit de Demain, Berlin-Varsovie-Dantzig," éditeur André Delpeuch, Paris, 1928.

Mrs. Pankhurst

By the Rev. Hugh B. Chapman

WHEN I received a telegram asking me to take part in Mrs. Pankhurst's funeral, I felt diffident, having endured nothing for the Suffrage Movement compared with those likely to be present. Dr. Cobb, in an eloquent address at the ceremony, pointed out how Mrs. Pankhurst, whom he eulogized in strong but unexaggerated terms, had foregone her war for the enfranchisement and the social liberty of woman in favour of the greater War, to which she and her troops nobly devoted themselves. Thus she acquired the object of her own campaign, which was more than conceded to the striking services they rendered, and the supreme fortitude they displayed.

As a public character Mrs. Pankhurst was strangely misunderstood, though, doubtless, her intimates grasped the fact not only of her gift of leadership and consummate patience, but of a certain tenderness and piety which were the marks of a saint, in its broadest meaning. Of the movement itself a more detailed account is, I understand, to be published by her daughter Christabel, who acted as her aide-de-camp throughout. Now that several years have passed, it is more possible to appraise one of the most remarkable personalities I have known, who left behind in my memory the thought of the gentlest of Spartans, and the opposite of what she was imagined to be by the world at large.

I want to speak, however, of a special trait through which I was attracted to Mrs. Pankhurst, though I have seldom heard it sufficiently appreciated. It was something far larger than the vote, or the collisions with the police which took place on behalf of Women's Rights. Mrs. Pankhurst embodied for me the word chastity, and became an inspiration through which the passionate side might be sanctified, without preaching, by the divine *élan* of public service. I can recall half a dozen times when I was carried off my feet by a figure combining both compassion and command, who, it is not saying too much,

solved in her own person the vexed problem of the sex question. Why, or how eludes analysis, but anything maudlin was miraculously done away. The bare thought of uncleanness fled before this frail prophetess who seldom, if ever, referred to religion, but after hearing whom you felt you had been scorched by a flame. I reverently believe that she almost created a new type of woman, who ceased to think of man as the end-all of existence, but who heard a clarion call to use her gifts and attraction in a wholly different and higher cause. A great pathos for the woes of womanhood swept through the hall, and you left it with a vague yearning to find the Holy Grail, sensing a possible companionship without the smallest danger of soilure. For myself, at least, Mrs. Pankhurst spoke with the power of a seer, affecting me beyond truisms or tracts. Probably her silence on the point and the indirectness of her attack were more effective than unhealthy allusions to what might have defeated its own ends.

I knew nothing of her previous life, but I was certain that her own heart was concentrated on some human loyalty which made her sacrosanct to herself. This rendered her as immune as Joan of Arc, who led the armies of France and who, though brought into contact with the roughest and most turbulent of soldiery, eventually became canonized, since her fair name was never once tainted, despite the vilest treatment, which still makes us blush. Mrs. Pankhurst (and I am speaking purely of the woman herself) is bracketed in my mind with that heroine. Though, no doubt, this sublimated side of her character may have been unknown to the public who coupled her with such terms as "virago," it is by this she will be chiefly remembered among the inner circle of her friends. Whether it was the goal she aimed at or not is not for me, an outsider, to say, but probably her daughter will speak with far greater right and in far greater detail. Josephine Butler and her like have themselves become immortalized on this most delicate and difficult of adventures.

The other point with which I was impressed in Mrs. Pankhurst was her extraordinary love for womankind. I can never forget the sympathy towards woman

revealed by the sadness of her face, ever, besides, illuminated with the light of victory. Of that her followers felt assured, even in their darkest moment, because their leader never once quailed. Her indignation for her sisters throughout the world was by no means sentimental, and was combined with a touch of fine sternness which braced, without weakening, those who came under her spell. If she called forth the fighting quality in women, it was on no personal account, which she treated as unimportant compared with a certain idealism and the use of their combative instincts to bring it about. She had the unique art of uniting women by the entire eclipse of herself. She made the humblest of them feel their own value, without referring to the element of beauty or sensual attraction. I fancy there was a large element of the soldier about her, and a power of encouragement sadly lacking in those of the same sex towards one another. That is why, at her funeral—which I prefer to think of as a memorial service—there was a tocsin of triumph in the air, and a standing to attention, with gratitude for a genuinely great woman who had gone on. Her spirit will surely still strive for good, for such a nature could otherwise never be truly content.

I confess to wishing there were a few more Mrs. Pankhursts at the present moment to whom I might send young women in trouble, and who would probably never refer to yesterday, but give them something hard to do today. I regard Mrs. Pankhurst as the incarnation of the spirit which has brought about Girl Guides and other bodies in which religion and athletics are blended. Therein the appeal to the heroic is, in my humble opinion, productive of a finer breed than ultra-devotional and ecclesiastical efforts which run dangerously near the sensual, and which, though they may develop their quota of saints, are, on balance, largely conducive to emasculation and eroticism. Mrs. Pankhurst's attitude towards womankind tended to a contempt of the term "the weaker sex," and was calculated to create a noble type of wife, walking on her own feet and asserting those moral and civic rights, the antithesis of a Turkish harem. It is for this cause that I rank her with Florence Nightingale; Agnes Weston; Matilda Wrede, the prisoners'

friend in Finland; Mary Slessor, the Scottish lassie in Africa, and many others who have found careers worthy of their steel, and who have not regarded marriage and parentage as the *summum bonum* of existence compared to the lure of altruism.

It is the weakness of the Press that it is too often ignorant of the inner and deeper part of a personality. So it failed, to a large extent, to depict a great woman who, though exceptionally modest and retiring, became misrepresented through the publicity of her movement. Her silence for years after the victory was won had an eloquence all its own, but no one with any of the artist in him could do aught but regard her as a woman of others' sorrows and very much acquainted with their griefs. None but must be aware of a certain boldness and immodesty which are abroad. It is not within the scope of this article to trace their source, but I wish to disallow the smallest connection of such behaviour with this inspiring character, who would have been the very first to rebuke such decadence under the name of liberty, save that she was too genuinely humble to "preach a sermon." I happen to have had the honour of knowing several women such as Mrs. Despard, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, and "Lady Connie," who actually gave her life for this emprise, all of whom have impressed me with the same admiration and respect which I have tried to express. After much meditation on the point and having to deal with an enormity of trouble due to the present non-morality which abounds, I am deeply thankful for this voice which nobly went out into the wilderness so long and will continue to speak with an eloquence of its own, though she has passed from this life.

It is by no means an easy task which I have faultily tried to fulfil in laying these flowers upon her grave, in strange contrast to the violence, anger, and rebellious things done, all of which are not only wiped out, but palliated in the eyes of those who have the wit to look beyond the letter into the spirit. In fine, she achieved a winsome holiness and self-eclipse which will always be woman's strongest power. It is by such that we men are eventually dominated vastly more than by what

is termed individualism, or forcefulness, whereas it is women of her type who move men to undertake forlorn hopes, by becoming their staunch and strengthening comrades. Quite lately, before she passed, Mrs. Pankhurst joined the forces of law and order* without, I trust, losing her wings, though where or how she learned the lesson of personal discipline I have no knowledge. Possibly private sorrow and pain had done their blessed work. My earnest prayer is that similar women may be raised up to guide the new liberties which have come to women in the political world, whether wisely or unwisely, in their suddenness it is not for me to say. I felt at that celebration of her Easter a mystical longing for a further loan of this exquisite soul, nor do I doubt that many a woman in high places, whether in politics, or on the stage, or young beginners in the finest of all services, that of rescue in any direction, must have echoed my desire. The three words which Mrs. Pankhurst has burned into my mind are Chastity, Courage, and Compassion, without the barest sense of caste or class, so that she will ever rank amongst the benefactors of her age, and hand down a school which she never strove to form, but which she formed by being herself. It will never die.

* Shortly before her death Mrs. Pankhurst had been chosen as a Conservative Candidate for Whitechapel and St. George's, London, E.

Golf and Putting

By Dr. R. L. Kitching

THE success of the Americans in the British Open Championship is due, primarily, to the fact that the championship is worth very much more to them than to our professionals, and is achieved by their superior putting. The " Open " has become not so much a golf championship as a putting championship.

The outstanding feature of the play in a world's championship is the almost unbelievable excellence of the long shots; in the long game, particularly in the second shots, the first-class professional and the ordinary scratch player are worlds apart, but when it comes to the short game, particularly the putting, there seems to be very little in it. Not only are the professionals' long shots so good, but they are hit time after time without a mistake. A foozled drive is an extremely rare disaster, in striking contrast with the frequency with which disaster occurs on the putting greens. In a championship the number of shots mis-hit with a putter far outnumbers those mis-hit with all the other clubs; the tremendous strain tells in the putting. The reason is simply that there is always the chance of recovery from a shot mis-hit from the tee: the chance may be remote, but it is there; it is when a mis-hit means the certain loss of hundreds of pounds, when there is no possibility of recovery, that a man's nerve is apt to fail.

The liability to fail when there is no possibility of recovery does not account for the fact that our men miss more putts than do the Americans. The Englishman's nerve is as good as the American's; if it were not so, the defect would show in all stages; they would not only miss more putts, they would also foozle more drives and mis-hit more shots through the green; but the fact is that in the long game the Englishmen are just as good as, if not better than, the Americans. It is clear, then, that there must be some factor which undermines the

confidence of our men, which operates only when they are putting, and from which the Americans are immune. That it is a nerve factor, and not simply lack of skill, is shown by the fact that when nothing is at stake, our men can putt quite as well as the Americans; it is only when the strain is very great that they fail. The trouble lies at the foundation of their game.

When an expert golfer drives a ball, his swing is rhythmic, and it is rhythmic not only in the sense that Pavlova's movements are rhythmic, but also in the sense that the swing of a pendulum is mathematically rhythmic, i.e. in the movement of the club-head the relation of distance, time and speed is constant. This rhythmic swing is, of course, the very foundation of golf. It is this rhythm, and this only, which makes possible the excessively difficult feat of driving a ball hundreds of yards straight down the fairway. And it is only by swinging rhythmically until the movements become automatic and the rhythm second nature that a man can hope to perform the feat successfully time after time and under great strain. Now it is obvious enough that putting is not driving, that it is ten million times more difficult to drive a golf ball than to hole a four-foot putt. To play perfect wooden club shots is probably the most difficult of all games, and to hole out in two putts is certainly one of the easiest. On the one hand, there is the obvious impossibility of driving without a rhythmic swing; on the other, there is the fact that a child can hole putt after putt without any sort of a swing; this is what makes it so difficult for the professional to realize that there can be any factor common to driving and putting. What they have not realized is that if any movements have to be repeated exactly under conditions of great strain, even the simplest movements, it can only be done by bringing in the control of rhythm. A swing which is not rhythmic cannot become truly automatic. A player can hole putts without a rhythmic swing when nothing is at stake, but when there is big money on it, rhythm is just as necessary for putting as for driving.

The Americans were the first to appreciate the fact that 50 per cent. of the score depends on one club, the putter. Led by Mr. Ouimet, they have practised a

rhythmic swing of the putter until they have just as much confidence in it as in any other club. The majority of English professionals, on the other hand, have never appreciated the importance of rhythm in putting; obsessed with the idea that putting is an inspiration, they have never set about learning to putt and are continually changing their methods and their putters. It is doubtful whether they have even realized all that confident putting implies. It is popularly supposed that the Americans are always trying to get near to the pin; on the contrary it is the Englishmen who are so anxious to be "dead." Take the example of A and B, each a few yards from the green. A cannot be certain, in a competition, of holing anything over 18 in., B regards anything up to 4 ft. as "dead." Human nature is such that *inevitably*, when A and B play their approach shots, it is B, not A, who is a foot from the pin. Hagen and Co. roll three shots into two, not because they are clever with their mashies, but because they are not afraid of a yard putt. The larger the margin for error, the smaller the error will be.

The success of the Americans has emphasized the importance of good putting, and at the same time has given rise to a feeling that too much depends on it. The fascination of putting is not disputed; the question raised is whether it does not form too large a part of the game of golf.

Putting is not unique in the thrills that it gives; the same fascination is found in other games, such as billiards, croquet and bowls; but the thrills of the play through the green cannot be found in any other game. The essence of golf, and the fundamental difficulty of the game, is the control of a very small striking surface moving at a truly tremendous speed. The fascination is obviously in the long game, and it cannot be wondered at that the masters of golf find it very hard to concentrate on putting. A player who can make the ball fly like a hawk and hover over the green 200 yards away cannot be expected to spend hours in learning to putt—unless, like the Americans, he is very well paid for his trouble.

Modern golf is played almost entirely with the driver, mashie and putter, and the trouble is that in a championship, 50 per cent. of the score is made with the putter;

and 50 per cent. is a lot when one considers that the player probably carries a dozen different clubs. At present a man hits twice as many putts as wooden club shots, four times as many putts as mashie shots, and seven or eight times as many putts as iron shots. The problem is to bring putting down to a more reasonable proportion of the score.

The obvious remedy would be to make the hole a yard in diameter, but that cannot be seriously considered. A very interesting and easy experiment, and one which certainly ought to be tried, would be to count a putt as half a stroke. The alteration in value would have the great advantage that the man who plays par golf (e.g. drive, iron, and two putts; score = 3) would beat the man who scrambled home with three shots on to the green and one putt (score = $3\frac{1}{2}$). It would often distinguish between the four which just misses being three, and the four which just misses being five, and it would save a lot of time. The drawback to this solution is that the proportion of the number of putts to other shots would remain the same.

The best solution would be to reduce the number of greens by making two or more holes into one. Eighteen is an arbitrary number which might well be reduced to fifteen or twelve. A reduction in the number of holes offers great advantages quite apart from that of bringing down the proportion of putting. The modern ball has entirely altered the play of the old courses, the virtue has gone from many famous holes, and there is already a definite demand for a return in championships to a less far-flying ball. One of two things must happen: either the holes must be remodelled and lengthened, or a standard ball, comparable in flight to the old gutty, must be made compulsory. It is not feasible to take more land to enlarge golf courses, but here is a practicable method of providing some really long holes. What is wanted is more golf and less putting.

The Door in the Attic

By Dorothy Johnson

MRS. PERKINS, creamy, plump, and comfortable, was almost asleep beside her brass tray of silver tea-things, which had been set for her near the fire in the so-called library. This was according to custom, except in the height of summer; for the library was the cosiest room in the house, and the drawing-room had a chilly sanctity. The depths of the fire glowed intensely, but from its black uplands there came a cracking and a sputtering; suddenly a new flame broke out, waving and struggling from a fissure with a noise like the flap of a sail. It startled Mrs. Perkins, who widened her big blue eyes at the phenomenon. And just then the front-door bell rang.

It could not be George—George never forgot his latchkey. Most probably the Vicar's daughter—begging. But when Chorley entered she merely said: "A lady to see you, Madam. . . . No, Madam, she wouldn't give her name; she said you wouldn't know it."

"And you put her in the drawing-room?" breathed Mrs. Perkins, rolling to her feet in alarm. She didn't much like the idea of a stranger being left alone in her drawing-room. Assuredly the unknown was begging, and not for any good cause either; begging, with a watchful eye and ready pocket for anything which might be picked up without bothering to beg. And when, from the drawing-room doorway, she saw the caller stooping eagerly down to her little cabinet full of special treasures, her round face flushed in jealous anger to the roots of her blonde hair. But the stranger turned, and the rosy tide ebbed; this woman was no thief. A beggar, perhaps, for a *really* good cause, and yet—no, hardly even that. "A beautiful face," thought Mrs. Perkins, with a sort of reluctant reverence. Not "a beautiful woman," which is quite another matter.

The stranger, frail and elegant in black, smiled at Mrs. Perkins, and gave her the oddest illusion of being

welcomed as a guest. A guest here, in her own drawing-room! She must assert herself. "Well, what can I do for *you*?" she demanded. Then she felt—for she was not insensitive—that she had spoken like a rude shopwoman; and she coloured again, this time from vexation.

A quiver passed over the smiling face, as if a stone had been rudely flung into a little moonlit pool. "I ought to beg your pardon. You don't know me at all, and I hadn't any business to come here. But the truth is, I used to live in this house when I was a child. With my mother."

"With your mother—why, naturally," said Mrs. Perkins. They were both seated now—she could hardly tell how that had happened; the stranger was playing with her gloves on her lap, and her finger-tips were enviable. "I wonder what she uses?" pondered Mrs. Perkins.

"I haven't seen the place for more than twenty years. But I happened to be in the neighbourhood to-night, and suddenly I—I had a longing to look inside again."

"Well, now, that's very natural," heartily observed Mrs. Perkins, though under her warmth suspicion stirred once more. The slim woman's eyes—very large, very bright, in a face worn to an ethereal delicacy—were never still for a moment. Up and down, to and fro, their gaze wandered, from the old-rose carpet to the chaste grey wallpaper, from the engravings neatly framed in black to the brasses coldly garnishing the fireplace, then, pausing at the golden Empire clock, to the alabaster bowl, suspended from the ceiling, through which the electric light fell softly. "So different!" breathed the stranger. "And yet—it's odd, isn't it, how furniture always tends to arrange itself in one particular way in a room. We had the sofa where you have it, and two easy chairs placed just like these. But not a bit the same kind of easy chairs!"

"It must be sad for you, seeing it all changed," said Mrs. Perkins. And then, in a burst of generosity, "I'll be bound you liked your mother's things a good deal better than mine."

But the unknown shook her head. "Our things weren't half as nice as yours." Mrs. Perkins's heart leapt.

"Ours were good and solid, but hideous. Stodgy mid-Victorian stuff; horsehair and Utrecht velvet, and masses of carving to hold the dust. Awful. And I can smell the woolwork still." She wrinkled her dainty nose. "But there is something about one's childhood——" Her gaze sought the lamp again, left it in its milky tranquillity, and wandered restlessly up and down. "Something irrecoverable—*what* is it?"

"Oh, well," replied Mrs. Perkins, gathering herself into a practical, common-sense bundle with folded arms. "We all know that childhood's much the best time of our lives."

"But it *isn't*," contradicted the visitor brightly. "I've often been happier, since I grew up, than ever I was in my childhood here. I loved my mother"—("Naturally," said Mrs. Perkins)—"but I've loved other people much better. And yet"—her nose wrinkled again—"I left something here that I've never found since. Now I seem to be getting it again—in tiny whiffs from ghostly woolwork! Something—or the hope of something. What is it? What can it be? I keep catching it, but I can't hold it!"

"Mad," said Mrs. Perkins to herself; which does not mean that she thought it. She knew well enough that her caller was not mad. But she found her perplexing and disturbing; and she was a woman who could not stay perplexed. When a riddle stood before her, as it were, with its mouth open, it was her habit to thrust in the first sop which came handy, and turn away. "Mad," she said; then as the helpless mouth still gaped, she tried another sop, "lit'rary." All the same, the stranger's hands, now loosely clasped on her knee, were exquisite. And her brooding face, with the downcast eyes, was sweet. "Like a Madonna," decided Mrs. Perkins. "But then so was Mrs. What's-her-name—the baby-farming woman."

"It's the light," mused the dubious Madonna, "that makes the most difference. We had gas, of course, and at night the house seemed full of trembling shadows. Mystery, mystery everywhere! Now *this* light"—the long lashes rose—"is so clear and steady, as if it were quite kind but wouldn't stand any nonsense. Do you

know what I mean?" Her glance fell from the lamp, slid over Mrs. Perkins, and settled with seeming irrelevance on her own wedding-ring. Mrs. Perkins's romantic imagination tried to get busy. It beat round for a while without much success. Never mind, soon confidences would begin: "I was only just seventeen—" that sort of tale. A treat. Mrs. Perkins licked her full pink lips.

But she was disappointed. No story came. Instead, the visitor turned again to the cabinet. "These wee mites of curios simply *fascinate* me," she murmured. "Now my mother hated what she called 'jee-jaws'; we hadn't one in the house. Oh, those fairy cups and saucers, and that tiny silver ship!" Her lovely hands fluttered against the glass, like butterflies, in vain. Mrs. Perkins, watching narrowly, was buffeted back and forth, between two impulses; one, to ring for Chorley to show the lady out—not that she had ever done such a thing, but she had read of it in her novels; the other, to clasp the slender creature close in her warm plump arms. These two promptings, being equally powerful, kept her motionless; she felt positively bruised on both sides, but she sat like a woman carved in creamy stone—and watched.

The sweet, frail waif, the questionable female, turned abruptly from the cabinet. "I'm behaving atrociously, wasting your time and not even telling you what I want——"

"But I can guess what you want!" cried Mrs. Perkins, leaning out in triumph over her crossed arms. "You want to see over the house! And"—raising her voice in defiance of some persistent inner qualms—"what's more, you *shall* see over the house! We'd the bedrooms done up this last spring, and they're a picture. Especially the boys' bedroom."

"It isn't so much the bedrooms that I want to see," faltered the petitioner. She had risen, and stood with her back to the cabinet touching it on either side as though its miniature prettinesses gave her comfort through the glass. ("Finger-marks!" thought Mrs. Perkins, "but *such* fingers——") "It's—but now you *will* think me a fool. It's"—a quick breath and fleeting smile—"well, there used to be, in the farthest attic, a little door opening over a step. But it never *was* opened."

"It's still there," put in Mrs. Perkins, after squeezing up her eyes for a second's recollection. "And funnily enough, I don't think we've ever opened it, either. You see, we hardly use those attics. Girls won't sleep in such places nowadays——"

"It was always locked; so I used to imagine it led to most wonderful places. I was an only child——"

"Poor little thing! People have no right to have just one! They get morbid," placidly commiserated Mrs. Perkins.

"And I got—morbid, as you say. Some of my fancies were pretty, others weren't——"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Perkins knowingly. "I'll be bound your nurse put ideas into your head!"

"And none of them were very original, I'm afraid. Sometimes that step was the beginning of a spiral staircase, winding up and up among the stars into Fairyland——"

"My Peter," confessed or boasted Mrs. Perkins, "was a regular terror for make-believe."

The stranger seemed to check herself. "Anyhow, my mother wouldn't give me the key. She didn't say she never would. I can see her now, reading her magazine." The sensitive lips curved at a memory. "'What d'you want to go in there for?' she would say. I can hear her. . . . 'It's nothing but a cupboard, and empty at that, and the key's upstairs. Yes, yes, I'll get it for you some time. You run out and play while it's sunny.' Then she would turn the page with her beautiful hand——"

"You take after her there," eagerly interrupted Mrs. Perkins. "Might I ask, if it isn't rude, how you manage to keep your hands like that?"

"Like *what*?" The stranger frowned faintly at her wedding-ring. "They just *are* like that—whatever 'that' is."

"Sorry," snapped Mrs. Perkins, for she was hurt. But the stranger quivered and smiled, and her smile was healing and disarming. "*I'm* sorry, too," she breathed; then plump, romantic Mrs. Perkins could have kissed her. "But you understand, don't you? I've a fancy—indeed, a craving—to peep into that cupboard at last."

"And so you shall! And so you shall! I can put

my hand on the key in two two's! I declare I'm quite thrilled myself! It seems so queer never to have opened a door in your own house, but——" She talked herself out of the room, trying to drown the murmurs of a subterranean discomfort; for George might be back at any moment (and in any case he would hear about the visit, for she never could keep anything from him); and goodness, how he would go on! He had burglars on the brain, especially lady burglars with sweet faces, who paid preliminary calls to spy out the land for their gang. Never mind. His helpmeet sniffed and giggled. She returned with a rusty key, a candle in a flat enamelled candlestick, and matches.

"We've no electric light up aloft," she explained. Up aloft! How fine that sounded, as if they were going to climb a high tower rocking in the gale. Her round cheeks burned, her eyes smarted, her matronly bosom heaved. The two women stood smiling excitedly into each other's faces; but Mrs. Perkins, stirred to the depths, was more excited than the other. "Are you ready now?" she breathed. She had a singular impression, then, that for a moment the stranger melted away behind her smile, leaving it to keep her place, but soon came back and put it on again and stepped forward on the great adventure. "*Great Adventure*," babbled Mrs. Perkins aloud, "did you ever see that play? Mind the first step, it's pretty dim out here, we want a new bulb——"

"You should have seen this hall when we had gas. There was a red frosted globe up there, at the turn of the stairs, and it threw a shaking net of shadows all over the well of the house. When I was going up to bed, I used to think I was a little fly caught in a web, and the big clock ticking in the corner was waiting to rush out on me."

Mrs. Perkins squeaked and shuddered. "*I* can't do with spiders, either. Won't you come and see the bedrooms first?" She had paused at the top of the first flight; to the left lay the approach to the said bedrooms, on the right a few steps under an arch led solemnly to darkness. "The boys' room——"

"Afterwards, if I may. It's very good of you."

"They're twins, so they've had to go to school together. I do so miss them," complained their mother,

turning slowly to the right. "There's a switch on the back landing, round the edge of the arch."

"Don't," interposed the stranger, touching her outstretched hand. A touch of ice—a snow-fairy's touch. "This landing is as it used to be at night, so black and enormous. Let's stop a minute and feel how black and enormous it is." They stood together, in the dark. Mrs. Perkins could hear her own breathing; the visitor's she could not hear. The unknown had melted into the shadows; and she herself dwindled to a tiny girl, panting alone in the darkness, frightening herself for fun, just ready to be frightened in earnest. On the skylight, far above, over the stairs which presently she must mount, there drove a sharp rattle of rain like steel needles. "Gramophone needles," thought Mrs. Perkins wildly.

A whisper stole out of the gloom. "It used to seem such a long, long way from the sitting-room, and I believed that when I came through the arch a curtain fell behind me and shut me off." A child's sweet laugh followed the whisper. Then Mrs. Perkins, foolishly, inexplicably, thrust out into the darkness that one of her soft hands which was not cumbered with the unlighted candle. "You poor little mite!" she whimpered. "You dear little mite! And I did so want a baby girl! I've never told anybody, but I did. I *do*!"

The groping hand groped in vain. The ripple of laughter went on awhile, and ceased. The rain and the swelling wind behind it filled a pause of some seconds, and then, "Time to be going on," said somebody. Mrs. Perkins, after a start, supposed that she must have said it. It was time, at any rate, to take command of one's own wits and voice. "If we *are* going on, that is," she added with emphasis. She rested the candlestick on the newel at the foot of the attic stairs.

"Let's leave it alone," she urged to night and nothingness and a small wilful child who was hiding in them somewhere. "For goodness sake! You'd better not open that door—ever. You know you'd better not. It's nothing but a cupboard——"

"And empty at that," came the bodiless whisper. "Empty." No, it was more than a whisper now. It was a grown woman's ordinary voice: soft, clear, rather

colourless. The speaker was present, too, in the flesh, frail, but substantial enough, and close to Mrs. Perkins. Nor was it, after all, so very dark on the landing; grey gleams stole in from many quarters, especially from the pale skylight. "Empty. I know that. And since I know it already, what harm is there in my making sure?"

"Ah, but there's different sorts of knowing!" moaned Mrs. Perkins. Life was usually simple to her, and she preferred it so. Speech meant asking for two yards, double width, or saying that there was too much pepper in the stew. Now she found herself laden with meanings for which she had no words. "There's knowing—and there's knowing for certain!" It was a cry of despair. This was her own house; it was not really dark; if she struck a match, it would be fairly light; if she flicked a switch, it would be very light indeed; and she was one grown woman talking (in her own house, mind!) to another. Yet she was transfixed by a sharp, strong terror; it was right through her heart, and she could not pluck it out; it hurt so cruelly that she could not breathe. "Don't let us go any farther!" she begged; and even as she begged, she began to climb.

But about the seventh step she snatched a respite. "A minute, please—didn't know I was so short of breath!" She touched her temples and found them wet. A curtain had fallen, as it were, in the archway, between Mrs. Perkins and her own dear comfortable life. She tried to pierce that veil with her mind, to clutch at familiar things. "And then we'll be right quick—just peep in and come down again—and I'll make Chorley bring some more tea. And you shall sit by the fire and tell me about how you used to live here with your mother. I always did say"—her brain spun and her teeth chattered—"that your childhood was the happiest time of your life."

"You say so," came the quiet reply from the level of her elbow. "But you don't think so." The voice had risen to her shoulder, with a rustling of silks in motion. "If you thought so, you would do—what I shall do to-night."

Mrs. Perkins received these words without scrutiny and set them, for the moment, aside; much as if she had

taken a present wrapped in paper, to be unwrapped when the visitor had gone. A cruel trick to play on a child. . . . "D'you know," she panted, continuing the ascent, "I could almost make-believe you and I were kiddies, having a lark." The rain, fusillading the skylight, checked her. "Hark at it!" she babbled. "Doesn't it sound cross with us?"

They had reached the top; there was a glimmering of white walls all about. "Whitewashed still," commented the unknown casually. "If you stared at them hard, I remember, pictures used to come out in lovely colours."

"I caught my little Mick once drawing on them with his crayons," said Mrs. Perkins. She chuckled; though she was cold and faint, and though the sword of terror had dissolved into a vast vague sickness, it was funny to remember Mick's round face when she nabbed him. "I didn't tell his father for fear he might—— Hark at the rain!"

But the visitor had slipped past her, rustling. There came the click of a bolt withdrawn. Mrs. Perkins wanted to talk a great deal, to explain that the first attic was full of cracked china and such, and the second had a few boxes in it, but it was such a nuisance getting trunks up those stairs. All this chatter whirled round and round, like dust, inside her head, and could not find an outlet.

"Time to light the candle," suggested the stranger from a distance. She must have passed into the farthest attic. Mrs. Perkins went forward a stiff pace or two and halted, sure that her fingers would save her by proving too weak to obey. But they betrayed her; they lit the candle with perfect precision, as though they were under another control than hers. The flame struggled, sank, rose to a clear point, and threw the shadows of two women gigantically upon utter nakedness. The farthest attic had no fireplace. There was a little dormer window against which the night pressed blackly. Mrs. Perkins gasped when she caught a glimpse of a movement in that inky mirror. But it was only the reflection of herself, golden and dusky, carrying the candle.

The other woman was waiting patiently by the door

which they had come to unlock. It was very narrow, very low. "I used to pretend," she murmured, looking at it, "that a tiny witch in a steeple-crowned hat had whisked through just before I came into this room. Once I persuaded myself I'd seen a bit of her red skirt vanishing——"

"I suppose you do want to see inside?" interrupted Mrs. Perkins—rudely, because she was in great discomfort. But when the white hand was extended for the key, she drew back. "No!" she protested childishly. "Don't! Please, please, don't!"

But the other child was wilful; the key was gently slipped from the reluctant finger. In that second Mrs. Perkins had for the last time a full view of her caller's face. She was blinded with a sudden rush of tears. "Don't!" she wailed, hearing the key in the lock. "Oh, don't!" she screamed when the sound ceased, and the wind screamed thinly with her.

Then, a child complete, though overgrown, she blew the candle out and ran.

Ran—waddled—down the attic stairs to the landing, where she flicked the switch. A flood of light revealed the top of the backstairs, the bathroom door, the nursery door, the servants' doors, a cobweb in the corner of the ceiling which Jane really *ought* to have got down. These things closed in around her like a bodyguard. Meanwhile the visitor was descending the steps behind her.

"Aren't we a pair of babies!" laughed Mrs. Perkins shakily, her head averted, her hand at her side.

"You were too late," remarked the stranger calmly. "I saw inside the cupboard."

"Well?" mocked Mrs. Perkins weakly, still trembling, still looking away. "You aren't much better off, I should think! There wasn't anything there, of course?"

A momentary lull fell upon the night. Both wind and rain were silent, listening, breathless. The box of matches dropped sharply from the unsteady candlestick. It was the visitor who retrieved it. "Thank you," said its owner, in a muffled voice over her shoulder. Behind her the switch clicked; they were on the stairs; a veil had fallen, in the archway, between them and the enormous darkness.

Safe on the red and yellow tiles of her hall, Mrs. Perkins drew a long breath. "You will stop for a cup of tea and a chat, won't you? Do you know"—trying hard to be easy—"you've never told me your name yet?"

"Thank you very much, but I've an appointment," was the reply. Without knowing why, Mrs. Perkins almost cried out. When the impulse had spent itself, her hand met the stranger's steadier one, now gloved, upon the latch.

"Of course," she breathed, "there *wasn't* anything there?"

A pause, then: "Nothing," answered the stranger.

"I warned you," whimpered Mrs. Perkins, "but you would have your own way, you know."

"It doesn't make any difference," said the stranger. "My mind was made up before I came."

She was gone then, through a gap which seemed hardly wide enough for her slim figure. Crying confusedly, Mrs. Perkins flung the door wide open. The wind rushed in at her out of the blackness, and with it came rain and a few sticky leaves and a solid weary husband, who grounded his umbrella in the stand, dashed his hat at its peg, and demanded information about the strange woman who had pushed past him.

"She was begging," stammered his desperate wife, "b-begging."

Does the "Sea Serpent" Still Survive?

By a Naturalist

THE recent discovery in a quarry near Harbury, Warwickshire, of the skeleton of a long-necked lizard-like prehistoric monster which has proved to be a plesiosaurus, has led Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to make the provocative suggestion, based on what he has seen and heard, that the plesiosaurus may not be extinct.

Sir Arthur describes a creature closely resembling that monster which his wife and himself watched swimming near his ship in the Eastern Mediterranean, off the coast of Ægina. He divulged, too, that an Australian correspondent had written to him, and enclosed sketches, of a young plesiosaurus which had been brought up in a net off Madgee Beach, Queensland. The eminent author of "The Lost World" added: "I fancy that the depths of the ocean have still some surprises for us."

It may well be so. A few years ago I made a very careful and prolonged study of that butt of seaside gibes, the "sea serpent," and one of the conclusions I came to was that appearances of a surviving form of plesiosaurus may account for some of the "sea serpents" reported by thoroughly credible eye-witnesses.

I sifted hundreds of "sea serpent" reports. Many were so flimsy that they were not worth a second glance; they could not be called evidence. The next category—and the biggest—comprised objects seen by credible eye-witnesses, objects which undoubtedly did look like "sea serpents" but might have been specimens of the basking shark, rows of seals, sea lions and walruses, two or three hump-backed whales in single file, or a string of porpoises, floating carcases of storm-killed ribbon fish undulating on a choppy sea, a huge conger eel, a sperm whale, a floating tree trunk, an anaconda or python carcase borne out to sea by a tropical river, a spar or keel-uppermost submerged derelict, a long stem or streamer of seaweed, a line of birds flying low, and so forth. Many of these sights may have been a genuine plesiosaurus or other form of prehistoric survival. But it

is open to the sceptic to say of any one of them: "That's all jolly fine, but I expect that what he saw was so-and-so."

The third category—and the one that deserves every respect—comprises cases testified to by trustworthy eye-witnesses, which cannot be dismissed in that jaunty manner.

It was not some bibulous deck hands on an irresponsible little tramp steamer, for instance, who, on June 2, 1877, off Cape Vito, Sicily, sighted and watched a "sea serpent," but the captain and several officers of Queen Victoria's royal yacht, *Osborne*. Lieutenant Haynes, who sketched and described the beast, dated his report from the Royal Yacht, Gibraltar, June 6, 1877.

"... On the evening of that day (June 2)," he wrote, "the sea being perfectly smooth, my attention was first called by seeing a ridge of fins above the surface of the water extending about thirty feet and varying from five to six feet in height. On inspecting it by means of a telescope at about one and a half cable's distance, I distinctly saw a head, two flappers and about thirty feet of an animal's shoulder.

"The head, as nearly as I could judge, was about six feet thick, the neck narrower, about four or five feet, the shoulder about fifteen feet across and the flappers each about fifteen feet in length. The movements of the flappers were those of a turtle, and the animal resembled a huge seal, the resemblance being strongest about the back of the head. I could not see the length of the head, but from its crown or top to just below the shoulder (where it became immersed) I should reckon about fifty feet. The tail end I did not see, it being under water, unless the ridge of fins to which my attention was first attracted and which had disappeared by the time I got a telescope, were really the continuation of the shoulder to the end of the object's body. The animal's head was not always above water, but was thrown upwards, remaining above for a few seconds at a time, and then disappearing. There was an entire absence of 'blowing' or 'spouting.'"

Again, consider the detailed report of the "sea serpent" seen from the British naval frigate, *Daedalus*, on August 6, 1848—a report *signed by the captain and sent to the Admiralty*. *Daedalus* was coming home from the

East Indies. Her "serpent" was sighted in lat. 24° 44′ S., long. 9° 22′ E. Captain Peter M'Quhae reported: "At 5 p.m., the weather dark and cloudy, wind fresh from the N.W., with a long ocean swell from the S.W., the ship on the port tack heading N.E. by N., something very unusual was seen by Mr. Sartoris, midshipman, rapidly approaching the ship from before the beam. The circumstance was immediately reported by him to the officer of the watch, Lieutenant Edgar Drummond, with whom and Mr. William Barrett, the master, I was at the time walking the quarter-deck. The ship's company were at supper.

"On our attention being called to the object, it was discovered to be an enormous 'serpent,' with head and shoulders kept about four feet constantly above the surface of the sea, and as nearly as we could approximate, by comparing it with the length of what our main-topsail yard would show in the water, there was at the very least sixty feet of the animal *à fleur d'eau*, no portion of which was, to our perception, used in propelling it through the water, either by vertical or horizontal undulation. It passed rapidly, *but so close under our lee quarter, that had it been a man of my acquaintance I should easily have recognized his features with the naked eye*; and it did not, either in approaching the ship or after it had passed our wake, deviate in the slightest degree from its course to the S.W., which it held on at the pace of from twelve to fifteen miles per hour, apparently on some determined purpose.

"The diameter of the 'serpent' was about 15 in. or 16 in. behind the head, which was, without any doubt, that of a snake; and it was never, during the twenty minutes that it continued in sight of our glasses, once below the surface of the water; its colour a dark brown, with yellowish white about the throat. It had no fins, but something like a mane of a horse, or, rather, a bunch of seaweed, washed about its back. It was seen by the quartermaster, the boatswain's mate, and the man at the wheel, in addition to myself and the officers above mentioned.

"I am having a drawing of the 'serpent' made from a sketch taken immediately after it was seen, which I

hope to have ready for transmission to my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty by tomorrow's post."

We will now look at the evidence of the two "sea serpents" seen off New Zealand. The Union Steamship Company's vessel *Rotomahana* was off the Portland Light, between Napier and Gisborne, on the North Island's eastern coast, on Saturday, August 1, 1891. It was about half-past six in the morning. Mr. Alexander L. Kerr, the first officer, was up on the bridge, keenly peering over the weather rail for first glimpse of a landfall. Suddenly he perceived, only 100 yards away, a creature like a huge eel lift its head about thirty feet out of the water. The sun was shining on this strange spectacle. Where the brute differed from an eel, however, was in its two big "fins" or flappers, which were situated just where the front pair of flappers of the plesiosaurus are pictured. Its girth was estimated by Mr. Kerr to be about ten or twelve feet. Its back he could not see, as it was coming straight for the steamer. Its belly and flappers were white. A quartermaster named Peter Nelson saw it, too, and ran up to Mr. Kerr to tell him about it.

"All at once," said Nelson, "I saw this thing appear rising out of the water about thirty feet. It went down again, seeming to draw itself right back under water as if it contracted itself. It was the colour of an eel. It was nothing like a whale. Had it been at all like a whale I should have taken no notice of it, as it is such a common thing to see whales at sea. It was not more than 100 yards away the last time I saw it. The Thing was glistening in the sun. The time being so early in the morning and the sea being so rough, there were no people about except the watch on deck, who were aft, scraping the decks. The chief officer was on the bridge. I spoke to him about it. He said he had seen it."

Now, unknown to Kerr and Nelson, a week before this, on Friday, July 24, the same beast, or another of the species, had been seen by several persons in the same seas, though, on that occasion, north of the East Cape. The S.S. *Manopouri*, another of the Union Company's steamships, was on the voyage from Auckland to Gisborne, when, between 8 and 9 a.m., the Thing appeared. It was seen by the officer on the bridge, Mr. Alfred Ford

Mathews, a surveyor, of Gisborne, North Island, N.Z., and several other persons aboard. It appeared about half a mile away. From time to time it lifted its head and part of its body to a great height, perpendicularly, and when in that position turned its body round in a peculiar manner, displaying a black back, white belly, and two "armlet appendages of great length, which appeared to dangle about like a broken limb on a human being." The people who saw it were loath to talk of it for fear they would be scoffed at and put down as liars.

Captain Drever, of the *Pauline*, bound, with coals, for the British naval dockyard at Zanzibar, was in lat. 5° 13′ S., long. 35° W., 20 miles off Cape San Roque, N.E. coast of Brazil, on July 8, 1875, when he saw three very big sperm whales. One was gripped round the body, with two turns, by what appeared to be a huge serpent. The "serpent's" back was dark brown and its belly white, with an immense head and mouth. Its mouth was open. The head and tail had a length beyond the coils of about thirty feet, its girth was about eight or nine feet. Using the extremities as levers, it rocked its victim this way and that for about fifteen minutes. Then the whale sank, head foremost, and the "serpent" with it. On July 13 this, or another similar, "serpent" was again seen, only a couple of hundred yards off the stern of the ship, swimming rapidly along the surface, forty feet of its body being out of the water at a time. Again, on the same day, it was seen once more, with its body reared up almost straight to a height of sixty feet. This time it seemed to be intending to attack the vessel, and the officers and crew hastily shared out axes to defend themselves. But it sank again without attacking.

Hitherto Captain Drever and his men had been, like most mariners, scoffers at rumours of "sea serpents." This disconcerting little fellow off Cape San Roque, who rose from the sea's abyss and glanced down on them from a height of sixty feet, cured them of their scepticism for good and all. When the *Pauline* got back safely to the Mersey, captain, officers, and men went to Mr. Raffles, the stipendiary magistrate of Liverpool, and signed in his presence, in the Liverpool Police Court, on January 10, 1877, a solemn sworn affidavit as to the correctness of the

data I have given. Subsequently, giving a fuller account, Captain Drever wrote: "Allowing for two coils round the whale, I think the 'serpent' was about 160 or 170 feet long."

A "sea serpent" was seen in broad daylight in the Gulf of Aden, in 1879, by three reliable witnesses. "On January 28, at about 10 o'clock in the morning," reported Major H. W. Senior, of the Bengal Staff Corps, "I was on the poop deck of the steamship *City of Baltimore*, in lat. 12° 28′ N., long. 43° 52′ E. I observed a long black object abeam of the ship's stern on the starboard side, at a distance of about threequarters of a mile, darting rapidly out of the water, and splashing in again with a sound distinctly audible, and advancing nearer and nearer at a rapid pace. In a minute it had advanced to within half a mile and was distinctly recognizable as the veritable 'sea serpent.' I shouted out 'Sea serpent! Sea serpent! Call the captain!' Dr. C. Hall, the ship's surgeon, who was reading on deck, jumped up in time to see the monster, as did also Miss Greenfield, one of the passengers on board. By this time it was only about 500 yards off, and a little in the rear, owing to the vessel then steaming at the rate of about ten knots an hour in a westerly direction. On approaching the wake of the ship the 'serpent' turned its course a little away, and was soon lost to view in the blaze of sunlight reflected on the waves of the sea. So rapid were its movements that when it approached the ship's wake, I seized a telescope, but could not catch a view as it darted rapidly out of the field of the glass before I could see it. I was thus prevented from ascertaining whether it had scales or not; but the best view of the monster, obtainable when it was about three cables' length—that is, about 500 yards—distant, seemed to show that it was without scales. I cannot, however, speak with certainty on that point.

"The head and neck, about two feet in diameter, rose out of the water to a height of about twenty or thirty feet, and the monster opened its jaws wide as it rose, and closed them again as it lowered its head and darted forward for a dive, reappearing some hundred yards ahead. The body was not visible at all, and must have been some depth under water, as the disturbance on the

surface was too slight to attract notice, although occasionally a splash was seen at some distance behind the head. The shape of the head was not unlike some pictures of the dragon I have often seen. When the monster had drawn its head sufficiently out of the water, it let itself drop like a huge log of wood, prior to darting forward under the water. This motion caused a splash of about fifteen feet in height on either side of the neck, much, in shape, like a pair of wings."

The experience of the *Pauline* off the coast of Brazil, which passed by a monster "sea serpent" fighting a whale, fell also to the British officers of the steamship *Kiushiu-Maru*, nine miles off the most southerly cape in Japan. Captain Davidson, in command of the ship, made a couple of sketches of the beast immediately after sighting it, and appended them to his report, which was countersigned by his chief officer, Mr. McKechnie. The report ran thus: "Saturday, April 5, 1879, at 11.15 a.m., Cape Satano distant about nine miles, the chief officer and myself observed a whale jump clear out of the sea, about a quarter of a mile away. Shortly after, it leaped out again, when I saw there was something attached to it. Got glasses and on the next leap distinctly saw something holding on the belly of the whale. The latter gave one more spring clear of the water, and myself and chief then observed what appeared to be a large creature of the snake species rear itself about thirty feet out of the water. It appeared to be about the thickness of a junk's mast, and after standing about ten seconds in an erect position it descended into the water, the upper end going first."

We proceed to the report of the "sea serpent" observed by Captain Harrington of the *Castilian*, his officers, his boatswain and several of the crew, and described in a detailed, signed report sent to the Board of Trade. The *Castilian* was bound for Liverpool from Bombay. She had rounded the Cape and was running up the South Atlantic. Here is the document, word for word:

"Copy of an Extract from the Board of Trade Meteorological Journal, kept by Captain Harrington, of the ship *Castilian*, from Bombay to Liverpool.

"Ship *Castilian*, December 12, 1857, north-east end of St. Helena, bearing north-west, distance ten miles.

"At 6.30 p.m. strong breezes and cloudy, ship sailing about twelve miles per hour. While myself and officers were standing on the lee side of the poop, looking towards the island, we were startled by the sight of a huge marine animal, which reared its head out of the water *within twenty yards of the ship*, when it suddenly disappeared for about half a minute, and then made its appearance in the same manner again, showing us distinctly its neck and head about ten or twelve feet out of the water. Its head was shaped like a long nun-buoy, and I suppose the diameter to have been seven or eight feet in the largest part, with a kind of scroll, or tuft of loose skin, encircling it about two feet from the top; the water was discoloured for several hundred feet from its head, so much that, on its first appearance, my impression was that the ship was in broken water, produced, as I supposed, by some volcanic agency, since the last time I passed the island; but the second appearance completely dispelled these fears, and assured us that it was a monster of extraordinary length, which appeared to be moving slowly towards the land. The ship was going too fast to enable us to reach the masthead in time to form a correct estimate of its extreme length, but from what we saw from the deck we conclude that it must have been over 200 feet long. The boatswain and several of the crew who observed it from the top-gallant forecastle, state that it was more than double the length of the ship, in which case it must have been 500 feet. Be that as it may, I am convinced that it belonged to the 'serpent' tribe; it was of a dark colour about the head and was covered with several white spots. Having a press of canvas on the ship at the time, I was unable to round to without risk, and therefore was precluded from getting another sight of this leviathan of the deep.

"George Henry Harrington, Commander.
"William Davies, Chief Officer.
"Edward Wheeler, Second Officer."

The monotonously inevitable doubts were expressed by people who had *not* seen a "sea serpent" and therefore did not believe there *could* be one, when this report

became known. To them, Captain Harrington bluntly replied, in a letter to the *Times*, on February 16, 1858:

"... Notwithstanding the assertions of men of science to the contrary, I am now sure that such animals exist. I could no more be deceived than (as a seaman) I could mistake a porpoise for a whale. If it had been at a great distance, it would have been different, but it was not above twenty yards from the ship.

"I am of opinion that this animal makes its appearance at the surface at long intervals only. I am informed by Messrs. Lamport and Holt, shipowners of this place (Liverpool), that one of their captains reported a similar thing about two years ago, off the Island of St. Helena, but they took no further notice of it, supposing, as your friend seems to do, that he might have been deceived.

"*Twenty people, including Mrs. Harrington and my two officers, saw it as distinctly as I now see the gas light which I am writing by.*"

I know of some further cases, but these are enough to suggest the view that extraordinary monsters, including possibly some surviving species of plesiosaurus, ichthyosaurus and basilosaurus, do still lurk in the deep, though they are rarely seen and described by trustworthy observers.

Remember that while all sorts of changes, climatic and topographic, have been playing tricks with the surface of the land and its beasts ever since a messy sort of land first appeared above the surface of the primeval waters, the denizens of the deep have not been subjected to anything like so many modifying or destroying agencies.

You will notice that none of the cases mentioned is of recent date. The reason for that is simple. Of late years, to say that one has seen a "sea serpent" is to be regarded with the shocked nod of the head which greets the convivial soul who declares that last night he saw pink rats and little snakes as gaudy as Guards' ties. Jobs in the Merchant Marine nowadays are hard enough to get, and to keep. Mates and skippers would not dare to report a 1928 plesiosaurus if it popped up and barked at them right alongside the bridge.

But one of these days there will be a photograph or two. Then Fleet Street will have to take notice.

A Second-Class Road

By Margaret Ashworth

FROM my place under the bent thorn I see hills folding into hills, piling up to a ridge of the Massif Central, and long valley slopes delved in lines. I know that ribbons of bare earth, vines and fruit shrubs divide these bars of grain, but it is only after a time that I am conscious of their ranks and changing hues, for the eye is caught and held by the burning blue of the sky and the burning whiteness of roads that cleave the slopes and seem to leap over the summit into space. The bravest of these highways loops the hill town of Vézélay, where Bernard of Clairvaux preached the Second Crusade. It is a famous road. I can never count the cars that go along like glittering beetles, incredibly small.

Another track runs close by my stunted thorn. It is rated second-class and appears to be forgotten. I may see, perhaps, three cars go by in a day, a blue-smocked farm boy on a bicycle, an oxen cart. For the rest I am alone with the hills and the sky, and can fancy I see the gaunt, grey cross yonder that marks the place of Bernard's halt.

Here, where the road has climbed to the top of the plateau is a sense of light and space enchanting to one newly come to the heights. The stillness is pricked by tiny sounds. There are larks very far away, cow-bells tinkling faintly, the breeze rustling in the grass and brushing the spikes of my tree, the horn of a car robbed of all its urgency and kind to the ear. Each day I pick out and number these separate notes, beads on a thread, and watch the roads like living strands curling across the hills.

My own is an alluring road, and it drew me morning by morning to the shelter of the bent thorn until the hour came when I must stop telling my beads and follow over into the fold of the next hill. I stepped out and found that after a mile of meandering it went swiftly

down, shied away from a sleek high road and doubled into the valley of the Cure.

The change from the hill land was as complete as if I had left one world for another. Fields of corn and rye banked up the horizon for me, appearing to stay both thought and step from wandering. The sun's heat and glow spilled down into the shallow basin of the lowlands, quivered and stayed. One might have thought it was actively shed from some furnace. Farmsteads broke the pastures up, homely sounds could be heard. On a stretch where the road ran between a lichened wall and a mass of yellowing wheat I had to walk more slowly. One forgets many things. I should like always to remember the sudden splendour of those acres of corn swelling against the deep sky.

The stone wall drew me from the wheat and threatened to keep me a long time, to be as absorbing as the road on the heights. The telegraph wires ran over it humming their secret, rhythmic airs. A bird appeared from nowhere, balanced on a wire, threw up his head and sang. He seemed to be soloist to the chorus hidden in the copse a stone's throw from the wall, and was hurrying to get that song done and begin another. Presently there came the drone of a car and the bird was mute, left the wire, and plunged headlong down into the shining corn.

In the silence after the wheels' passage I was aware of the hum of flies and bees, tiny waves of sound swelling and dying, lost when the breeze ran hissing through the grain. My lichened wall proved to be a peopled citadel. Spiders, big and little, numberless tiny beaded insects were engaged on some very important affairs in the outworks. I wondered what teeming life would be discovered and outraged were that rough wall to be undone, stone by stone. A grey lizard popped out of a crevice, spied me, and darted back. As he disappeared a spider fell off an upper projecting stone, upside down, with all the air of a suicide; then let out a safety-line and stayed dangling over an abyss.

A few feet farther along the wall I spied an extremely busy ant and left the spider to his exercise. The ant was carrying a large green fly on his head and making

his way across the wall in an oddly diagonal course. Every clump of lichen, as big to him as the limestone crags to a walker on the Yorkshire moors, had to be climbed, crossed, descended. His top-heavy load seemed to offer no inconvenience, and he was in a very fever of haste. Soon the way was blocked by a deep crevasse of dried moss. He hovered on the edge a second, then wriggled over into that Yosemite valley and was lost to sight. When I had given him up for dead, or housed, he appeared again, toiling up the opposite side of the canyon. The green fly was wriggling now and very unhappy. I could have told him that he might just as well give in, fold his arms and die. That ant was terrible; moreover, an empty-handed porter was coming towards him, probably either to share or dispute the prize, moving at a dizzy speed that made him seem drunken.

As I watched the pair, I became aware that a large hairy caterpillar had crawled out of the stones, passed between my feet, and set his face toward the Sahara of the road. This little single caravan, without convoy, thought I, will never reach the oasis of the farther bank. There came the clamour of hoofs and wheels. With a convulsive wriggle the caterpillar went on, stopped, rolled himself into a ball and lay still. I set him on a ledge of the wall. He was probably rather surprised, and soon would make another attempt to cross the desert, but as I had taken to the road again, I should not be there to see him come to grief.

It was a farmer's wagon that had come down the valley, driven by a swarthy lad of fifteen, and on an impulse, suddenly aware how poorly I had sped on my pilgrimage, I asked him to take me on a little way. The tail of his eye was upon me as we went, and I fancy he could soon have passed an examination on every fold of my gown, my sturdy shoes, everything in me that was not French. He inquired how far I was going, and I said I did not know. It depended how long his horses were faithful to my road; how long before I spied something which might call a halt; but that explanation I withheld.

The cart went slowly down the valley, its passenger soon nodding in the growing heat. Some miles of road,

dull and monotonous in a cart, were covered before he reined in and pointed with his whip to the farm which marked his journey's end. He could not have served me better, but I had some ado to make him accept a slight reward. He explained, apropos of nothing, as I bade him good-day, that the gorge was only a little distance farther on. I looked at him in slight surprise; I had forgotten the gorge of the Cure.

The highway was kinder now I was afoot again; cooler, shaded by a row of trees. It led me past a hamlet, through a crumbling archway that was once a château gate, swung over a bridge, up and on to the rugged ground that banks in the steep Cure valley. Here I was once more in the region of open tracks and could see them looping across the upland and coming to meet each other, as by a secret tryst, at a spot where the mossy ridges were banked up against a low, wind-battered copse.

It seemed an admirable fate that had set an unexpected valley as the midday stage of my wanderings. There is nothing that undoes the enthusiasm of a walker who loves cool airs and south-west rain more surely than a spell of deep midsummer heat, unless it be the passing of omnibuses in a sky-high cloud of dust. I thought longingly of the deep shade and promised myself another pilgrimage on my road, for it seemed that it could easily lead to the end of the world and back. And, indeed, it would, for it was one of the tracks that might be found on a map of Roman Gaul. But first I must find what happened where the ways met. There seemed to be a signal at the trysting-place, something spiked against the green of the copse. I must on and spy it out.

Suddenly I found myself in medieval France again. For on drawing nearer and shading my eyes against the glare I saw that the signal was an old granite cross. It stood at the fourways on a square base which the knees of Christian folk had hollowed during the centuries; a good resting place now, if not a praying place, for one who would not fear the sun. There was one who did not fear it seated there, a peasant girl with her knitting in her lap, her eyes now roving, now on some sheep nibbling close by. A blue kerchief was tied closely round her head and her apron was white as the wool in her basket.

Except for little movements of her fingers and a shake of the strand now and again, she sat as if carved in stone. It could easily seem to the fanciful mind that the shepherdess had kept a long watch there. I saw her and her kind hundreds of years ago passing to and fro on their toil, men and women who were not ashamed to kneel there in that lovely land and send out a thought to the Altogether Lovely.

A little distance from the ancient cross the road skimmed so near the edge of the gorge that it would seem another foot would drag it down into the abyss. A wisp of the track ran astray there, went headlong down, and down I went with it. It leaped round great boulders and mossy banks and suddenly was at the bottom of the steep valley, there to become a grassy streak teasing its way through a spinney at the river's edge. When I had no longer need to take care of my feet, I stopped and looked round. I seemed to have fallen into a green well, and was a little dazed at the swift translation from blinding upper light.

The river was wide enough to take the eye across to see how clear lay the water against the other bank; deep enough to have a current amid its alluring shadows, and hidden enough down in the gorge to reflect nothing of the sky and only trees and dark shapes. The stream broke and gurgled round a boulder and then for a little way carried circles of foam like pennies on its surface; flies swooped down and hit the flood and perhaps came up and perhaps did not. In a pool by the far bank a fish leaped.

My luncheon halt came down in the deep well. Hours could pass by unchallenged in the numbing coolness, the calm of this blind gash in the moorland that cannot even peep at the sky. I could believe I never knew what peace was before, so completely was the spell of dimness and greenery cast on sun-tired eyes. And I wondered if this was why men who spend their working days in high and lonely places, amid vast horizons, choose to live in the cup of a little valley where sounds are homely and friendly, and sleep is untroubled by hosts of glittering stars marching derisively across the heavenly floor.

It seemed as I fell asleep on a mossy bank that the bed of a green valley is the only place for a couch.

I promised myself as I awoke and lay curled to watch the river that I would spend some long days here. This gorge, at first sight dazed and blind, is whispering with life. I almost cried out when I saw the shining peacock light of a host of dragon-flies flitting down the bank over the stream. Other insects, it seemed, were scattering drops of intensest ultramarine in the air as their wings moved. A kingfisher alighted on a twig, dived upside down into the river and sheered off.

It must have been in the late afternoon that I reminded myself of a homeward journey, and miles to make on the road. As I got up to find the climbing track again, I heard a sound in the gorge, saw a movement between the trees and spied a young man walking up mid-stream with a net over his shoulder like a folded cloak. Hidden in the shrubs I stood and watched. He cast a swift eye over the shallows, turned a yard to the right and with a sudden movement flung out his net. It fell in a circle like a ballet girl's skirts when she pirouettes and sinks. The fisherman walked a few paces and dragged up the seine. The water gleamed on his knee boots, his wet, linen-clad thighs. He emptied his net of stones, went on a little way and with another rare gesture swept his round net out on the stream. The shadows swallowed up this dark boy who should have been a Roman throwing a disc, and the gorge was left empty.

Out of the deep well I climbed and found the light golden and kind on the road that led to home. The track took me back through a changed land, growing quieter as the sun went down, past copses where owls were crying, farmsteads twinkling with light. Dusk had fallen before I found my feet on a threshold again. The road set me down there and passed on, with its ineffable careless fling, its " who cares ? " up and on to the silence of the uplands and the dark night.

Stale Cake

By D. M. Thornton

THE power that some passing sensations have to bring back the past is a curious one; the satisfying cry of seagulls, or a train shunting; the scent of broom, hot under the May sun, or of new-baked bread—and the present is gone; and one is in the past again, a wan ghost, struggling sometimes with emotions too strong for comfort. For my own part, I can never encounter stale cake without thinking of Miss Murchison; and then I must needs think of Miss Smale.

I suppose my mother never guessed how I hated those visits to Miss Murchison; if she had, I am sure that they would have been far less frequent. She lived in a large house off the High Street at Loddington, the country town where I was born and bred. It was a Queen Anne house, separated from the road by only a railing, and it was called "Marsh House" for some reason that has always puzzled me, for it stood on the top of a hill. This discrepancy between the name of the house and its situation had, however, its appropriateness, for the air in Marsh House always seemed to me like the air that puffs out when one opens a long-closed drawer or cupboard, dry and disillusioned, and yet in some way the whole house felt damp.

The small garden at the back certainly was damp, perhaps because of the two large chestnut trees that grew there, shutting out the sun and air. There was an ornamental pond in the middle of it that had long since ceased to be ornamental, covered as it was with green mould and duckweed, and half choked with dead leaves. I had a horror of this pool, born, I expect, from the endless warnings I had received against going too close to it, when I was sent into the garden to amuse myself whilst my mother and Miss Murchison talked together; and it, and a story of Hans Andersen's, helped me to come to the decision about Miss Murchison which for years

I held as a " child truth." I coin the phrase not knowing how else to express those strange beliefs and opinions which a child invents for itself, and holds in some sense as the plain truth, whilst realizing that they differ fundamentally from the world in which its grown-ups concur.

She was, I held, only a woman in the daytime; when Miss Smale and her two elderly maid-servants were safely in their rooms, she would blow out the lamp—I always visualized this practical detail very clearly—and then turn instantly into a large toad, and make her way with vast leaps to the pond in the garden. Her appearance was, too, in some degree, responsible for this decision of mine: she was short and stout, with powerful limbs; she always seemed to squat, rather than sit; her skin was dark and damp-looking, her mouth enormous, her eyes surprisingly bright, and there was a baleful forcefulness, too, about her whole personality which has always seemed to me a characteristic of toads.

My mother, I think, was sorry for her, and used to send me sometimes to pay her a visit, giving me some flowers to take, or perhaps a missionary magazine would have to be delivered. I would go, obediently, and be ushered into the room at the back of the house, that was filled in summer with a green light from the chestnut trees which grew so close to the window. Miss Murchison would be squatting in a large armchair; Miss Smale sitting very upright on another, reading aloud or sewing; I would deliver the flowers or magazine with the accompanying message.

Then would follow a quarter of an hour's misery for me, and, I daresay, of boredom for Miss Murchison. As for Miss Smale, any interruption, of however feeble a nature, of the endless *tête-à-tête* must have been a relief. Looking back, it seems to me that the conversation on these occasions never varied; I suppose in reality it must have done. Miss Murchison would ask me many questions as to the health of the dear Rector, my father, who was never, by any chance, anything but well; of my mother, " poor thing, with that brood of children "; of my lessons. And then, when the visit

was near its end, she would say: "Humph—little girl . . . cake," and I knew that the worst was still before me.

A silence, and then: "Little girls like cake, don't they, Miss Smale?"

Miss Smale would titter sycophantly, "I know I did when I was a little girl."

"Well, that was a long time ago, wasn't it? But perhaps you will be so good as to fetch me the key of the cake cupboard."

She kept her cakes, strangely enough, in this, the "back sitting-room." And when this cupboard was opened, there would be disclosed a large selection, magnificent to the outward view. I was, undoubtedly, fond of cake, and the first time the cupboard was opened, I felt that there might prove to be some point in these terrifying visits. But the piece that I was given proved so deprived by long keeping of any of its cakely virtues that I used to dread the coming of this gift; still, come it did, and, seated on a small chair, with a plate on my knees, and many admonitions as to crumbs, I had to get through its difficult dryness as best I might.

The virtue—if it is a virtue—of pity develops late; and it was not until I was more or less grown up that I began to feel any for Miss Smale. Till then, she was just "Miss Smale"; a long, thin woman whose drab clothes seemed to be dropping off her; Miss Smale, an appendage, an annexe, as it were, of Miss Murchison. But I came at long last to feel a very passion of pity for her; greater, I almost think, than any other person ever roused in me; pity—and wonder, as to how she could have survived those long years she spent as Miss Murchison's companion. Thirty years, it must have been, before her release came to her; thirty years of petty tyranny—and she seemed to change so little through all that time.

My mother, I remember, was strangely blind to this tragedy; for to me, at least, it appeared as little less. I spoke to her once about it, and she answered, in a practical tone of voice: "Well, my dear, I think she is very fortunate to have such a good home. She has nothing of her own, and she is neither very attractive or in any way

clever—if she was not with Miss Murchison, I really don't know what would become of her." What would become of her! As if the workhouse, as if death itself, would not be infinitely better, I remember thinking bitterly; and I never spoke to my mother again on the subject.

Thirty years of polite baiting! For if only Miss Murchison had ever been openly rude to her, it would have been more bearable. But she was always polite; often showed her, at least before visitors, a sort of twisted considerateness. I came to think that they were never out of each other's mind; that the tie between them was as strong as love—stronger than one had thought mere hate could ever be.

Miss Murchison used to give missionary tea parties; she was a great missionary. Somewhere in Central Africa there existed a tribe for whose conversion to Christianity she seemed to hold herself almost personally responsible. A photograph of the king of this tribe, a cheerful-looking rascal with a shock of white hair, hung over the dining-room mantelpiece; and by chance, or possibly in recognition of the fact that they were spiritually united in the wish for the welfare of the tribe, a photograph of Miss Murchison, toad-like and sinister, flanked it; it was as though she was a sort of absentee queen. The house was full of the handiwork of these natives; baskets, and uncomfortable articles of apparel, made mostly of beads, and tortured-looking gourds, all singularly lacking in the charm that is usually so apparent in the handiwork of the less sophisticated peoples.

Miss Murchison, freed from all responsibility of dispensing tea to her visitors by the labours of Miss Smale, would become engrossed in long conversation, conducted on her part in powerful whispers, with the more elderly people, about the shameless and immoral orgies indulged in by those natives who had not yet been persuaded to embrace Christianity; but never for a moment, however thrilling the subject might be, did she forget, or become unconscious of, Miss Smale. Sometimes, when tea was dispensed and finished with, the poor woman would begin a more or less cheerful talk with someone; and instantly Miss Murchison would break off her own

discourse and, leaning forward, direct her voice towards her victim. "I expect," she would say, with a horrible travesty of a smile on her face, "I expect, Miss Smale, that you have letters that you would like to get written?" The formula never varied, and Miss Smale, with a muttered apology to the person to whom she was speaking, would get up and leave the room.

Sometimes the poor thing would try to circumvent the advent of this form of dismissal by attempting to creep from the room on her own account, but she was never successful in this plan. "Oh, you're not leaving us, I hope, Miss Smale?" would come in that hateful voice that used to send cold shivers down my back; and Miss Smale would creep back again, trying to look as if she had never tried to escape.

Of all the varying forms which Miss Murchison's tyrannous hatred took, and they were many, this form always seemed to me the worst; used for some reason to rouse me to the highest pitch of shuddering pity.

It was not until after we left Loddington that Miss Smale's release came.

I was abroad at the time, and I got the news in a letter from my mother. "I hear that Miss Smale has been left quite a little fortune; it comes from an uncle, I believe. It will mean a yearly income of about six hundred. She seems to be going to leave Miss Murchison almost at once; I should have thought that she would have waited a bit, seeing how long the place has been her only home. She intends to settle, so I hear, at Brockington, on the south coast." I don't think any piece of news unconnected with myself or those nearest to me has ever given me such pure joy.

It was some months before I got back to England; and after that weeks passed before I found myself within a short journey of Brockington, and arranged by letter to go over and lunch with Miss Smale. Heaven knows what manifestations of a liberated spirit I had not anticipated; for what signs of a belated flowering I had not hoped.

Ferndean, the small house that Miss Smale had settled in, was on the outskirts of Brockington. I walked out to it from the railway station. Soon after noticing the

word "Ferndean" neatly painted in black on a white gate, I saw a figure in the garden, and felt a pang of disappointment. It was Miss Smale, I thought; and how little she had altered! In a moment I saw my mistake; this was not Miss Smale; and inspection at closer range caused me to wonder that I ever thought it was, for this woman did not resemble Miss Smale in any particular. Except that . . . . What was it? A listlessness of movement? A limpness about the hang of her clothing?

I asked her if this was Miss Smale's house, and she answered in a nervous flurried way that it was. Her politeness seemed to come to meet me, a thin wavering thing; unsupported by any self-assurance, any hint of the dignity of self-possession. She took me into a room on the ground floor, and left me to tell Miss Smale of my arrival.

I looked around me eagerly. Here was a room that must surely be, in some measure, the realization of a dream. Miss Smale must sometimes, during the long years she spent in Marsh House, have planned, with however much apparent futility, the room she would have liked to call her own. It was very bright. Roses, pink roses, seemed to spring at me from everywhere. The carpet, the wallpaper, the chintzes were covered with them. On the walls were many engravings of the pictures of a well-known woman artist. Within their gilded frames lovers met, parted, dreamed, pined, quarrelled and kissed amongst the recognized symbols of romance—waterfalls, and ruined castles, and again, more roses. The one hint of the existence of a less sugary world was an exact replica of the photograph of the old Black King, Miss Murchison's consort, as I used to think of him. Perhaps it had been a parting present.

I was only alone for a few moments, when Miss Smale came in.

She *was* changed; she had grown stouter, and was dressed in pale grey, which did not suit her, for she was much sallower than she used to be. Her manner was curious; the old feebleness, that had suggested the weak growth of a creeper without means of support, was evidently being gradually altered by the self-importance that a comfortable and assured income gives.

But the alteration showed itself in fitful gusts; for most of the time she was as she had always been. It showed itself most, perhaps, when she addressed Miss Thompson, the woman I had seen in the garden, and who came into the room soon after Miss Smale, and whose presence began to cause me a vague, unaccountable depression.

Luncheon was an important affair; the food was of the richest description. Mayonnaise of salmon; boiled fowl, with an accompanying ham; and a trifle, smothered in cream and rich with hidden cherries. Miss Smale ate enormously; and conversation languished a little. I told them something of my travels; Miss Thompson brightened momentarily, and gave expression to a wish she cherished to visit Italy some day. Miss Smale looked at her, a spoonful of trifle arrested on the way to her mouth. "Really, Miss Thompson, I didn't know you thought of travel. We shall be hearing of you going to Italy . . . train de luxe, I suppose?" I shifted a little, uneasily, in my seat; and Miss Thompson put down her spoon and gave her plate a little push away from her.

After luncheon, when we were once more in the sitting-room, Miss Smale went upstairs to fetch some needlework that she was engaged on, and that she wished to show me. Miss Thompson and I fell into a more or less pleasant chat which we did not think it necessary to interrupt on Miss Smale's re-entry into the room. She seated herself in her armchair and settled the cushions at her back. I finished the sentence I had embarked on before she entered the room, and turned to include her in the conversation.

But she spoke first. Hardly had the last words left my mouth, when she leant slightly forward and looked straight at Miss Thompson. "I expect," she said, "I expect, Miss Thompson, that you have letters that you would like to get written?"

So then I knew.

Seeking the Fan-tailed Warbler's Nest

By Douglas Grant Duff Ainslie

We seek, concealed the artfullest,
The fairy fan-tailed warbler's nest,
Patrol the marsh from end to end,
For there the secret is contained.
Plunging through the lush green grass
Gold coronets we trample and pass,
Where quakes the swamp; but lightly tread,
Lest you crush treasure: overhead,
Or was it on the alder I heard
The long-drawn note of the bird,
Wistful mother or father?
For the secret's here,
Hidden within this quaking hemisphere.
Look! Look! I've found it in the reedy grasses,
Where never prudent foot passes.
Who but a lover
Could possibly discover
This jewel like a butterfly's cocoon
Of tiny grass-stems twined and lined
With cotton-seed and thistle-down,
Sought and brought from very far
By the birds though both grow nigh:
(Why?—
We are so clever, you and I.)
See the grass sometimes threaded through
Blades more coarse, then tied as by a hand:
Nest of wonder, all bird-planned;
Bird-built, God-built, 'tis all the same,
Whatever words we use, they are His Name.
Five eggs of pure unspotted blue:
Of course we leave them touchless. Thanks to you,
Feathery fairies, for the view
That has been given to few.
Here a green wonder of the world
Is in tender grass furled.

The Farmer's Wife

By Margaret Marshall

THE sun is gilding all the barley tips,
And I lie dreaming underneath the trees,
While, like a silver stream, the evening slips
And lengthens with the shadows on the leas . . .
In my primrose linen dress
I walk again through sunny lanes,
With eyes alight in happiness
Beside the laden harvest wains.
The horses in our fields are white,
And there are glossy mares at graze,
Whose rollicking, unsteady foals
Play through the drowsy summer days.
I stand with arms frothed elbow-deep
In bowls of yellow cream,
And, singing, make my butter there,
Devonshire way—nor know I dream—. . .
My hair is honey-coloured,
And my feet are young and light;
The days are made for laughing,
And there's love and rest at night.
My man is strong and tawny,
Like a stallion in his pride,
Brown he is, and modelled finely,
Moving with a tall man's stride . . .
Sinks now below the hill the sun's red rim,
And sinks my dream into the present pain:
I am a slattern, with my eyes grown dim
With straining to see Devon fields again:
My man is like a ferret where he stands:
I am afraid—afraid of his thin hands.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Foreign Holidays

"The Exodus has comminced," said Sergeant Murphy.

"One of them Jew feasts where they don't eat or drink for days and——?" began Heddle in reply.

"Not a bit of it. The Exodus means that whin August opens, everybody that's got a toe-hold in 'Who's Who' has to leave London and not show a face in it agen for months. It's wan of what they call the laws of the Meades and Persians. I knew a Pathrick Meade wanst—a colour-sergeant in the Connaught Rangers—and if he was the fellah that made the laws, I don't wonder at everywan obeyin' thim. A terrible man was Pathrick, particularly in dhrink, his wan little failin'.

"Annyhow, Heddle, the last week of July is the end of the London season, and the Methropolis is handed over free to people like you and me and min with horn-rimmed glasses and toes like cricket balls to their shoes. Newspaper Society gossip-writers take a well-earned holiday on their Crouch End allotmints, night-club doorkeepers take their yachts out of cold storage and go off cruisin' the Seven Seas, and the classic pavemints of St. James's Sthreet is defaced be min that shave on alternate Thursdays.

"The swells scatter. Some take a battery of armoured cars up North and teach the grouse not to do so. Others make for Cowes and enjoy thimselves linin' a rail while the 'Flyin' Goat' skims the waves on its left ear. More go to spas in Germany and call on a gallon of foul wather per day for a fortnight to rejuvenate a liver that's done fifty weeks of overwork. The rest cultivate their minds be foreign thravel."

"A lot more people go abroad for their holidays than used to," observed Heddle.

"They do that," replied the Sergeant. "And why wouldn't they? Wouldn't you rather be havin' a flutther at Monte Carlo or crawlin' up an Alp on your stomach than throwin' pebbles in the sea at Southbeach and waitin' for openin' time whin you could do it for the same money? That's why Frinchmin today make Frinch their second language, and proprietors of Continental hotels revise their prices upwards in shillin's and pounds. Anny day for the next two months you can go

into a Swiss or Italian boardin' house and it'll take the fingers of both hands to count the Brigade of Guards ties that are poised above the onion soup.

"Thirty years ago, Heddle, whin I was a growin' lad, it was only the nobility and gintry that used to do the Continong. Annybody else that spint a week or two at Ostend or Boolong was looked on as half a foreigner and somethin' of an Anarchist. Thin the well-to-do Middle class, always wan sthride behind the Upper Ten, began to seek foreign shores. After thim came the rank-and-file like you and me.

"Now here's the funny part of it. The aristocrats had to get out of the way of the middle classes; so they wint farther afield. The middle classes found no satisfaction in breathin' the same air as their inferiors, so they followed their betters, and as the common classes extinded their explorations, they made the other lots get farther and farther away from home.

"The latest news is that shop assistants, clerks, and school teachers have now reached the Riviera, merchants, stockbrokers and bookmakers are holdin' the fort at Algiers and the Ægean Sea—Bad luck to it! I lost me best pipe whin we were torpedoed there—while the people marked A1 in Debrett are down in Kenya or across in the West Indies thryin' to keep thimselves select.

"But it won't be for long. The middle classes are on their thrack like bloodhounds, and the slogan of the aristocrats has to be 'Onward and further.'

"In a year or so you'll be readin' in the fashionable columns of the papers: 'Lady Hayseed, knee a Wampum of the Alderney Branch, is off to Patagonia for a short holiday,' or 'In Berwick Market I cannoned into Viscount Colander who was takin' in stores for his steam yacht, the *Saucy Mermaid*. He's takin' a party to Thristan d'Acunha for the ibex shootin'. Thristan, he tells me in confidince, is quite off the beaten thrack and hasn't even a pethrol fillin' station.'

"And so it goes on, Heddle. After that'll come the back blocks of Austhralia, Java, and the North Pole."

"What'll they do," asked Heddle, "when they've reached the other end of the world? There'll be nowhere left for them to go to."

"They'll start agen then," replied Sergeant Murphy. 'What's wrong with Margate or Blackpool?"

Studies in Stage Propaganda

By Horace Shipp

Justice. By John Galsworthy. (Wyndham's.)
Spread Eagle. By G. S. Brooks and W. S. Lister. (New.)
Six Stokers Who Own the Bloomin' Earth. By E. L. Greensfelder. (Gate Salon.)
Paul Among the Jews. By Franz Werfel. (Stage Society.)

In abstract theory all of us (except, perhaps, Mr. Bernard Shaw) believe that the theatre should exist for art's sake, and that any element of propaganda is as fatal as earnest politics at a dinner-table. In fact, we find that whenever an author is flamingly sincere in his advocacy of something or other, whenever his passion causes him to want to pass over his ideas to an audience, he comes within reasonable distance of writing a good play. He may trip up over the technique, but even then he does not notice his stumble, and somehow gets to an end, while more skilled playwrights with nothing to say and no desire other than a professional one gravitate meaninglessly round their own beginnings. On rare occasions the propagandist happens to be a master-craftsman also, and then the theatre knows greatness in an Ibsen, a Tolstoy, a Hauptmann, a Shaw or a Galsworthy.

Often this type of work by its success as propaganda defeats its significance. The causes of its passionate advocacy succeed and the whole subject loses immediate interest, although, if the art values are sound, it will probably come back with historic interest later. This element of journalism has to be taken into account. In the first launching of a play upon a question of the day it may be of assistance to popularity; in the reaction it will give a terribly old-fashioned air to something which may be but a few years old.

Mr. Galsworthy's *Justice* is often quoted as a case in point. Actually this would only be so if his whole play had been a tract against solitary confinement in our prison system, for it is a fact of penal history that his cell scene in this play moved Mr. Winston Churchill, the then Home Secretary, to begin that series of changes

which has brought our prisons nearer to reformative and educational institutions, and farther away from mere penalizing. In truth, this phase of the play is incidental —a dramatic heightening of the effect of man's institutional inhumanity to man which is the keynote of so much of Mr. Galsworthy's writing. Its tremendous effectiveness is evidence of daring craftsmanship, which proved so efficient that it side-tracked the play's intention. The premise of the play that society's institutions are more cruel than society's individuals remains true of our system of law and penal reform today, as it did when the play was written twenty years since. A dawning knowledge of that fact causes us to tend to ameliorate punishment, and substitute systems of reformation which will rescue the individual (and society from the individual) rather than revenge society upon him.

But I did not intend to discuss the problem—these propagandists have their way with us whether we will or no. The play considered as a work of art is enough. It succeeds because its humanity never flags, and its dramatic technique works from climax to climax. If Mr. Galsworthy had been loading the scales against individuals, a curious kind of perversity in our make-up would make us side with them against him. But he always gives the devil so much his due and leaves him so much a devil that we are ready to spend the rest of our lives to save Satan from satanism.

Mr. Leon M. Lion's scheme for giving a season of Galsworthy drama in London and then in the provinces is a real service to the English theatre. The company have just paid a brief visit to Paris, and it is a happy omen that, when I tried to get tickets hurriedly for *Justice* on an evening when the mercury was just slipping down from the 80° mark, I was told that the theatre was full.

Spread Eagle, the anti-American-Imperialism drama, reveals the danger of the propagandist over-reaching himself. The joint authors take sides so emphatically that we demand counsel for the defence. Finding none on the stage, we create it in our own minds. However, as a statement of a point of view, put with a slick knowledge of the possibilities of the stage, *Spread Eagle* is good hearty

stuff, and stuff for adult minds at that. Its problem is worth attention, and its dramatic power indisputable.

The chief faults in the play (apart from this of special pleading which defeats its end somewhat) are its passages of sentimentalism. The ending is pure sentiment, or, rather, one should say, the penultimate scene, for the last few words bring us back to the devastating cynicism of the play. The production and the acting were best Broadway tradition. Something was happening all the time, neatly and entertainingly; and the actors knew their jobs. Mr. Raymond Massey as Joe Cobb was excellent, but his part was magnificently written. *Spread Eagle* is a play to be seen, and its challenge one to be met or accepted.

Six Stokers Who Own the Bloomin' Earth is likewise a theatrical comment upon international affairs. It adopts the whole bag of new tricks of the advanced stage —constructivist settings, cinematograph, black-outs, and all the 'isms. As one feared, after seeing its announcement, the excess of technique tends to give one theatrical indigestion. Nevertheless, there is a place for this experimental drama, and the Gate Salon is fulfilling its task by presenting it. I cannot but think that the play would have been more effective with less effort; but I confess I would rather sit under its cannonading than through the meaninglessness of slick social comedy of the Broadway-Boulevard-Strand variety.

The Stage Society's last production does not rightfully come under my heading of propaganda drama (unless its message escaped me). It has to be mentioned in tribute, for it is the type of non-commercial work we want the Society to give us a chance to see. Its author, Franz Werfel, enjoys a big reputation abroad, and this fine study of the coming of the converted Saul to Jerusalem and its repercussions on Jews and Romans, was worth seeing. Incidentally, its object-lesson of the cynicism of government (incarnate in Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn's outstanding performance) amid the vapouring of finely-intentioned idealists might be taken in conjunction with *Spread Eagle*; but we need only consider it as a fine stage production, and the kind of play we should see more of on the regular stage, if our theatre catered for intelligence.

War and Peace in the Air

By Lieutenant-Colonel W. Lockwood Marsh

AIRMEN OR NOAHS. By REAR-ADMIRAL MURRAY F. SUETER, C.B., R.N., M.P. Pitman. 25s.

SKYWARD. By COMMANDER RICHARD E. BYRD, U.S.N. (Retired). Putnam. 15s.

THE ZEPPELINS. By CAPT. ERNST LEHMANN AND HOWARD MINGOS. Putnam. 18s.

PRESUMABLY it is a sign of increasing public interest in aeronautics—for publishers are, at any rate in theory, touchstones of popular taste (witness the present output of detective fiction)—that recently there has been a notable increase in books about flying, after several years of almost complete neglect of the subject.

These three books all bear on the title-page the names of men of action, though perhaps, if he will forgive our saying so, during the years of which he writes Admiral Sueter was occupied more in directing the activities of others than in himself seeking glory. Taken together, they should lay the ghost of the popular belief that men of action cannot also be men of words. In fact, they prove the truth of what has long been suspected, that men of action in general suffer not so much from inarticulateness as an inability to control the spate of verbiage that flows over-readily from the pen, once it has been taken up.

Admiral Sueter's facetious title would be unfortunate were it not an all-too accurate key to the style of his book, which displays the sad lack of a kindly and sympathetic friend armed with a blue pencil and an eye for the "purple patch." For some reason he appears to have nursed a brooding resentment against "Neon," the anonymous author of a long-forgotten attack on aircraft of all descriptions as vehicles of commerce or weapons of war. In truth, "The Great Delusion" did little at the time of its publication but cause a twenty-four-hour sensation in the daily Press and provide a topic for amused conjecture as to the identity of the author. But it seems to have annoyed Admiral Sueter, who now, long after the event, appears armed with a big stick to flog clouds of dust out of the prostrate carcass

of a dead horse which, for the brief period that it lived, did at any rate exhibit a sense of humour and gift for logic sadly lacking in the Admiral. These defects in Admiral Sueter are a pity because, combined with an ineradicable tendency to overstatement, they destroy the effect of what is in some ways an interesting book full of many valuable lessons for the future to be drawn from the mistakes of the past. Anyone who had the experience of serving in the Admiralty during the war, in common probably with others employed in other Government Departments, could not fail soon to be aware that many wars were being waged during the years 1914–1918, of which quite the least interesting and important was that with Germany and her Allies. One of the most thrilling of these internecine struggles—that between the Naval Air Service and their masters, the Sea Lords of the Admiralty—is the second of Admiral Sueter's theses, and right lustily does he set about his old enemies. He quotes many good stories of ignorance and stupidity in high naval circles, but passes over some of the best. He omits, for example, to mention the famous official document of January 1915, in which the Lords of the Admiralty, singly and collectively, stopped all further expenditure on "these useless airships"—to eat their words within three months by an urgent command to the airship section of the Air Department to produce at the earliest possible date a fleet of airships for anti-submarine duties.

Admiral Sueter's somewhat flamboyant style will, it is to be feared, lead to a discounting of his criticisms of the supine attitude of naval officers—with a few notable exceptions—towards the possibilities of aircraft during the war, but those with knowledge of what went on can assure his readers that, incredible though it may now seem, he no whit exaggerates the truth. How far this attitude may have been the result of reaction against the methods adopted in their anxiety to get things done by the protagonists of aircraft it is difficult now to judge, though the Admiral's way of conducting a controversy as exemplified in his book may throw some light on the subject.

"Airmen or Noahs" makes interesting reading for

those who have recollections from the inside of the occasions he recalls, but from the general point of view it deals too exclusively with milk spilt in the past and long since dried.

Commander Byrd is an American naval pilot of distinction, and navigator of ability, who made the only Atlantic air crossing of 1927 that deserves to be remembered as a scientific achievement. He used a three-engined machine, carrying an adequate crew properly equipped with navigational instruments designed so far as was humanly possible to make success certain and eliminate the enormously preponderating element of luck that was the chief feature in all the other expeditions of that year. For this he deserves the gratitude of everyone with a sense of proportion. The flight was the fruition of an ambition that had lasted for twelve years and had been ceaselessly urged upon authority from early in 1918 until his retirement from the Navy in 1925. The inception of the successful first crossing of the Atlantic by air—via the Azores by the American Naval flying boat N.C.4 in May 1919—appears to have been due to his efforts. It was an intense disappointment to him that he was not allowed in the end to take part in it, though he had had much to do with its organization. The reason for the refusal incidentally throws an interesting light on American ideas of war service, for it was due to his having been " on foreign service " at a seaplane base in Canada, which was considered to have provided sufficient excitement for one man and to justify his being ordered to stand down in favour of others with a less " active " record. Commander Byrd's other title to recognition is his polar exploration work by air during the years 1924 and 1925, culminating in the first flight to the North Pole in 1926. These flights also were undertaken with scientific objects in view, and much information on the erratic behaviour of the compass near the magnetic pole was, among other things, obtained.

" Skyward " contains an interesting counterpart to " Airmen or Noahs " in an account of the intrigue and " lobbying," in which the author took an amazingly open and active part for a serving officer, by the Navy to defeat the campaign of General Mitchell for the

establishment of a separate American air service on the lines of our own Royal Air Force. This gives us a glimpse of the other side of the picture drawn by Admiral Sueter of a battle won by different parties on opposite sides of the Atlantic, and the reader of the two books should be able to form for himself an opinion on the merits of a controversy by no means yet settled. Both emphasize the fact that decisions even on important matters of policy such as this are not, as a rule, reached in any country on broad principles of statesmanship, but are achievements of the party most adept at intrigue and successful in pouring the last words into the right ears at the right moment. In spite of all that has been written, though the decision was probably right, that certainly was the case when the Royal Air Force was formed in this country, and much the same appears to have happened in bringing about the contrary result in America. It is not a pleasant commentary on the political world, but it appears to be a just one. Commander Byrd is not a stylist, but there is a certain naïveté about his book that is not without charm. This is particularly the case with a chapter headed "This Hero Business," in which he tries to analyse what it is about a feat that appeals to the American public. The cynical reply of a newspaper friend to his query as to what constitutes a national hero, "Oh, someone who's worth two columns and a front-page streamer, fireboats, and a basket of medals," is probably as near a definition as can be hoped. Unfortunately Commander Byrd is not content to leave the matter there, but lapses into sentimental stories of a somewhat obvious kind. For the general reader, to whom the book is addressed, the early chapters on Pensacola training station with their gruesome details of flying accidents will be trying, but they provide a faithful impression of the efforts made to discover causes in order to arrive at remedies. But it is rather surprising that as late as 1917 the naval pilots had to find out for themselves the correct manipulation of the controls to bring a machine out of a "spin"—a lesson that was learnt in Europe at least two years earlier. The book would be improved by an index, a rarity in American publications.

Captain Lehmann is one of the most experienced Zeppelin pilots, having been captain of the "Sachsen," one of the three passenger airships of pre-war days whose remarkably successful commercial careers seem to be quite forgotten nowadays, though the number of passengers carried, regularity of service, and immunity from accident would by no means disgrace our own Imperial Airways in these more enlightened times. "The Zeppelins" affords a striking example of the density of the fog of war, for we learn from it the answers to many conundrums that caused much puzzledom at the time. The capabilities of the Zeppelins of 1914 were much underrated by airship experts here, and rumours of their being seen in such places as the Russian front were discredited, though they now turn out to be true. Captain Lehmann may be interested to learn that his suspicions as to the object of the prolonged detention by the French of the "Z. IV," which made a forced landing at Luneville a few months before the war, were justified, for complete drawings of the ship were made, and, furthermore, supplied to the British airship service, where they aroused much interest.

Though they were covered with undeserved abuse and labelled with such terms as "baby-killers" by the Press, no one in the British airship service ever had anything but unqualified admiration for the skill and courage of Captain Lehmann and his brother airship-commanders in returning again and again to raid enemies in the face of steadily improving defences. Captain Horn, for instance, made an attack on Paris in March 1915, involving two passages over the French lines, in an airship incapable of climbing higher than 8,000 ft., and there are numerous other instances of similar devotion to duty in the face of almost overwhelming odds.

It is interesting to find that, though not himself the inventor, Captain Lehmann was the first to experiment with the observation car lowered at the end of a cable from which an airship was navigated while itself remaining hidden above the clouds. This was first used on a raid as early as March 16, 1915, we now learn, though the reality of the device, of which there had been rumours, was not definitely known in this country until

September 24, 1916, when one, hastily dropped as ballast, was picked up after a raid. It may be as well, as we are on the subject, to deny once and for all the story that when this observation car was picked up, inside it was found the body of a German jettisoned to save the lives of his panic-stricken comrades. There is not a vestige of truth in this *canard*, although it found a place in an authoritative work on the air defences of London published four or five years ago. I can personally testify to this, as I saw the car in question next day—or the day after, I am not now absolutely certain which—and there was no trace of such a tragedy. Why this device was abandoned, as it appears to have been, has never been clear, because it undoubtedly worked satisfactorily, and must have been a great aid to concealment.

The lifting of the veil from certain incidents on the German side has its amusing counterpart in the revelation of how Captain Lehmann sometimes comes to wrong conclusions about matters over here. He quotes, for instance, from a "secret report" of September 1917, from which it appears, to him, that the Admiralty were greatly impressed with the scouting achievements of the Zeppelins over the North Sea. In point of fact, this report was a document concocted with much labour by the airship section in the Admiralty in an attempt—ultimately successful—to induce the Lords of the Admiralty to approve an enlarged programme of airship construction. It certainly would have caused some consternation among their lordships to have it assumed—as is done by Captain Lehmann—that it embodied their own considered views on the value of airships to the Fleet.

Captain Lehmann's is undoubtedly the most valuable of the three books, though it is marred by being ill-arranged, in apparently no chronological order, and being larded by the translator with American colloquialisms, often of the most incongruous kind. The lack of chronological sequence would be less serious were it not that, like "Skyward," it lacks an index. Both Commander Byrd and Captain Lehmann indulge in speculations as to the future development of their respective craft which, coming from such sources, command respect.

Books

SPECIAL HISTORIES

THIS SMOKING WORLD. By A. E. HAMILTON. With an Introduction Essay by SIR MONTAGUE SHERMAN. Methuen. 6s.

THIS world of smoke has, indeed, enlarged of late, and the places where it does not rule are the rarities. The non-smoking carriage is difficult to find. The cigarette is ubiquitous, though not, perhaps, the novelty having died down, so frequent in feminine mouths as it used to be. The pipe, the Prime Minister's symbol as a representative Englishman, has long beaten the solemn clubmen who would not allow it. Clever people who ought to be enjoying the theatre refuse to consider a place where they cannot smoke all the time. The late King Edward led the way to this devotion to the weed, and life is now for many punctuated, not so much by heart-throbs as an endless procession of cigarettes, though the over-smoker may be conscious of a "heart" before his time.

Mr. Hamilton's charming Preface about himself as a small American boy and later will lure all judicious readers on to profit by the width of his researches and sympathies. He gives evidence of all sorts, from the counterblaster, the physician, and the psychologist, as well as the man of letters and the advertiser. The mixture is the very thing to enjoy with the " fragrant fume." That is Johnson's phrase, and it is notable that non-smokers of good sense have not vilified tobacco. Indeed, one of them, Balzac, has acutely declared that it is the solace for suppressed woes or energies. To the list of eminent smokers we may add the wife of Archbishop Benson, whose secret smoke modified the trials of his temper. Charles Kingsley was so devoted to the weed that he hid pipes ready for service all over the furze of a common. Mr. Hamilton is the soul of moderation, and knows the weakness of human resolves. Excess is common, though few would go so far as Mark Twain from whom asleep in bed Howells took a burning cigar. The conclusion suggested here is that :

> If one cannot use tobacco somewhat as the Japanese use tea, or as the cultivated Frenchman enjoys wine, then it were much better to leave it alone.

Still, as Calverley said in his immortal Ode :

> Why deny its use
> Thoughtfully taken ?

The Americans smoke more than any other nation, and their professors have made elaborate experiments testing efficiency and tobacco, as Mr. Hamilton shows. They are not altogether conclusive, for one man's poison may be another man's meat.

The "Very Condensed History of Tobacco" is an engaging item, full of information and dry humour. It tells of a chimpanzee who died in Indiana after being deprived of his cigarettes, of Carrie Nation finding fogs in London God's judgment on smokers, and of two special tobaccos commandeered by the U.S. Government for army use in 1918. Experts will annotate here and there. In Ouida's day ideal soldiers smoked clay pipes. A man of fashion who was a pioneer in the free use of the wooden pipe was the Duc d'Aumale. It was Laurence Oliphant, a favourite in society and also in letters, who introduced the cigarette to London at the time of the Crimean War. Before 1854 cigarettes were absent from English literature, though Victorian novelists, generally Bohemian in manners, make tobacco more usual than it was in their day.

The Introduction is as pleasant as the book, and recognizing its felicitous quotations notes that there are more to be had. One of the best is a schoolboy's information about Raleigh:

> He introduced tobacco into England, and when he was smoking it, said to his servant, "Master Ridley, we are today lighting a candle in England, which, by God's blessing, will never be put out."

V. R.

THE EVANGELICAL MOVEMENT IN THE ENGLISH CHURCH. By LEONARD ELLIOTT BINNS, D.D. Methuen. 5s.

THIS volume is one of a series devoted to "The Faiths," and if the others are as well done, Dr. Jacks, the general editor of the venture, may congratulate himself on his discernment. Dr. Binns wisely claims to be Anglican and Liberal, as well as Evangelical, and his candid examination of the deficiencies as well as the merits of his party is one of the best points of his book. The Evangelicals can boast the achievements of Wilberforce and Shaftesbury, and if Wesley's great work had gone on in the Church, the trio would have been unequalled in achievement. The meaning of "enthusiasm" in the eighteenth century might have been noted, as it is very different from that of current usage. In his historic section, Dr. Binns mentions the celebrated John Newton, who combined with Cowper to write the Olney Hymns, some of the best in the language. But Newton's dictatorship over the sensitive poet was not all for good, owing to his narrow outlook. Dr. Binns frankly recognizes that the Evangelicals have lacked intellectual distinction and have, in some cases, retained views of the inspiration of the Bible which keep them behind the times. When "Essays and Reviews" appeared they "were for the time helpless. The rigid, narrowly defined channels along which their system flowed proved quite incapable of receiving the incoming waters." The Essayists were even prosecuted by law, which leads

Dr. Binns to remark that "the effort to foreclose discussion by legal means is always a mistake."

One distinction of the party in later years was the success of the C.M.S., and the work of noble men like Hannington. The fear of learning and modern knowledge has undoubtedly been a grave handicap. Churchmen should be able to deal with the thoughts of the present world and the radical changes which have marked the life and belief of the two last generations. The recognition of this need is an instance of the author's liberal outlook.

STOKE NEWINGTON RECORDS, No. 1. THE HISTORY OF THE PALATINE ESTATE AND CHARITY. By J. R. SPRATLING. Public Library, Stoke Newington. 10s.

IN spite of the fact that a millionaire has declared history to be "bunk," we continue to be interested in it, particularly when it shows the remarkable stability of English institutions. Every borough and parish should have its historian to note the meaning of a place-name or the triumph of some village Hampden in withstanding "the little tyrant of his fields." The paper-covered book which begins in print the records of Stoke Newington is the work of a sound antiquary who studies the actual sources in musty manuscript and deals with the survival of an old trust of growing importance.

The "Palatine" estate gets its name from Protestants who were driven from the Palatinate by the French and fled to England, where they were supported by a Government grant. The estate, valuable at first for its gravel, is described in the reign of Charles I as in possession of the parish from time immemorial, its proceeds being devoted to the necessary occasions of the Church of Stoke Newington.

The giver of the land was probably a member of an important family in the district. It was nearly lost when a greedy lord of the manor seized it in the seventeenth century. Fortunately his temporary disgrace at Court made a petition effective. This document, with the "Inquisicon" and judgment of "Comiconers" in 1638 is printed in full. The churchwardens were given control, and later secured a mortgage on the land for the purpose of enlarging the church. The estate proved very useful as a security for raising money. Development was, however, hindered by the heavy fines extracted on the admission of new trustees. In 1887 the claims of the daughter churches had to be considered. Today the land once valued at £6 a year brings in £1,000, and remains outside the control of the Borough Council.

Mr. Spratling concludes with the suggestion that the existence of gravel, rare in the district, may have originally led to the

enclosure of the property. However that may be, it has paid the church well to stick to it.

A reproduction of a map of the estate in 1797 is added.

MINIATURES AND SILHOUETTES. By MAX VON BOEHN. Dent. 15s.

THIS book is as painstaking as one could wish, Max von Boehn treating exhaustively of the English, French and German schools of miniaturists, and then tracing the history of the various applications of the art to such things as jewellery, fans, china, furniture and other subjects for decoration. There is an introductory chapter called "Technique," which deals with its theme historically rather than from the artist's standpoint; and there is a final study of the rise of the silhouette. As we have learned to expect from Max von Boehn, the book glances revealingly aside from his avowed subject and tells us as much of the social conditions of the time with which he is dealing as any history book. He manages to escape the German tradition of dry-as-dust scholarship.

The book is illustrated with forty coloured plates and 200 half-tone illustrations, and is in this respect of production lavish; but against this a bad art paper has been used and the actual printing of the illustrations tends to be slovenly. With a book so good it is a pity that the production must be criticized.

FICTION

THE DEUCE (DER TEUFEL). By ALFRED NEUMANN. Translated by HUNTLEY PATERSON. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

THIS book is of remarkable quality in its way. While it deals with Louis XI and the period of "Quentin Durward," including the King's venture into the lion's mouth in the person of his vigorous rival, the Duke of Burgundy, it has no bright, romantic figures such as Scott loved to draw, but deals rather with the mysterious and often evil workings of the human mind. The French King was a practised dissembler, and never hesitated to remove his opponents by judicial or secret murder. So basely ambitious a figure might seem beyond our sympathy and interest; but just as another murderer in *Macbeth* holds us by his vision of the better self he leaves behind him, so Louis XI here acquires a conscience as well as an accomplice in his devoted servant and Minister, Oliver the Barber, called "The Devil." We see Oliver as a mere boy sneaking into power over his family by his crafty ways and control of his emotions. But when he leaves his position as a leader in Ghent and goes over to the service of Louis, a change comes over him. He is both servant and admirer, and

master and critic. The two have the same eyes and seem almost like two halves of one being. Their actions and interactions exhibit the novelist as a master of subtle psychology, and the game of wavering wills, in which first one wins and then the other, is complicated by the fact that Oliver has brought with him a pretty wife and Louis is a libertine. The issue of the long connection, which must, in fairness, be left to the reader, is very striking.

The translation is clear, but seems a little stiff in style. German novelists have never, however, had any great aptitude for bright dialogue. The tortuous and obscure language necessary for those who bluff and feel their way always in doubt of the arch dissimulator above them is well given. The chapters are far too long; there are only sixteen of them in 422 pages. There are breaks enough for twice as many, which would have made the book easier to read.

THE CHILDERMASS. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. Section I. Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d. net.

IT is difficult to imagine the kind of reader who will look forward with pleasure to two more sections of this unpleasant book. To many Agnostics its treatment of a future state and the judgment of souls will afford an example of deplorable taste, while to any conceivable kind of Christian it will be ribald blasphemy. "Imaginative fiction" it is justly called on the wrapper, and the adverb "highly" might have been prefixed without the least unveracity. But a state of mind in which such scenes and incidents among departed spirits crowd on one another will appear to most healthy men and women a decidedly unenviable possession, however original.

Those who have read earlier fiction from the author's pen are aware that simplicity of language is not agreeable to his style, "plain spoken" as he may be in his choice of adjectives. While such a word as "obscene" seems to be dragged in when applied to the blare of a trumpet, many of his nouns and adjectives suggest systematic searching in big dictionaries and in solutions of the more difficult cross-word puzzles. Much of the punctuation appears to be due to a loving study of "The Young Visiters," to which model of literary expression such passages as "I believe you're sorry you met me or aren't you I wish I knew," which abound both in the narrative and dialogue of Mr. Lewis's book, might properly belong, as properly as many passages might be perfectly at peace in the writings of Mr. James Joyce.

If the author's æsthetic sense impelled him to fill several pages with a discussion among his characters on sex-inversion, it was

quite congruous with the field of artistic expression wherein he works. But why he has selected a commonplace London suburb for association with Lesbos few, if any, of his readers could explain.

W. H. HELM.

MYSTERY AT LYNDEN SANDS. By J. J. CONNINGTON. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

THE detective story has now reached an elaboration which we rather regret. The clues are so many and so confusing that they may lead to languor rather than excitement. However, we suppose that a host of readers are now trained to enjoy the new complexities, and certainly the author of "Murder in the Maze" manages them very well. He gives us some real observation, and uses the war ingeniously to produce a long-lost heir so disfigured that not even those who knew him best can be sure of him.

There are two murders obviously connected, and though the expert can see the main point of them, subtleties are added which may well be beyond him. The Squire plays Watson and a Chief Constable on holiday does the work. The delays necessary to allow the story to develop are more neatly arranged than usual. The writing is good, and a pleasant sarcasm deals here and there with the unlikely elements in similar books.

POETRY

THE EARTH FOR SALE. By HAROLD MONRO. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.
NEW POEMS. By W. J. TURNER. Chatto and Windus. 5s.
RETREAT. By EDMUND BLUNDEN. Cobden Sanderson. 6s.
THE SECRET MEADOW. By C. HENRY WARREN. Faber and Gwyer. 5s.

A POET of Mr. Harold Monro's range who can content himself with the publication of less than two dozen poems as the result of six years' work is almost certain not to disappoint us, His new volume has that intimacy which takes the reader into some quiet room of his innermost mind, and there tells his unanswerable doubts and fears. Again and again throughout this book they are of the loneliness of death and the equal loneliness of life; poignant cries from the dark cell of self and the eerie silence of listening for some answering call. Their beauty is this tragic beauty of terror and pity. If he has hope, it is on some such note as

> Loneliness begins to seem
> Like sleep, and will become a dream.

and he has but little faith in this world whose bright loveliness means so much that the shadow of death upon it can hardly be borne.

In an earlier phase of Mr. Monro's poetry he sang in delight of earth and the few intimate possessions which linked him with it. With later volumes the note deepened to a metaphysical unity, or perhaps one should say a striving after unity with the life of Nature. This new volume is as though he had retreated into himself with but little hope of establishing that link. Its intimacy makes it a human document; its author's power over form and phrase makes it great poetry.

Mr. Turner is too much a poet and an intellectual, and too little human. His dreams have beauty and his technique is unswerving; but we lay down the book, as we do all Mr. Turner's volumes of verse, with an impression of a thousand exquisite phrases mirroring each other but none reflecting a man or a maker. It remains poetry of the brain, expressed with an occasional uncanny hypnotism of sound, when the poet remembers Coromandel. There is something of the old metaphysical school about the body of Mr. Turner's verse, but he must forgive us if we yearn either for emotion or for conceits in the manner of the Wheels group which at least hold up the traffic of the mind.

Mr. Blunden has taken upon himself the poetic duty to "babble o' green fields," and his "Retreat" is from the wider world which includes Japan to the familiar landscape of homeland villages and near meadows. The keynote of the book lies in the poem of the village that asked:

> "How feel you now my former spell?"
> And I: "Sweet simpleton, old home—
> Much charged, with puzzled heart I come;
> Still,
> I think you are the nonpareil!"

Brooks and primrose meadows, and the easy flow of village life are in these pages. Mr. Blunden's verse moves as simply as his themes and there is throughout the feeling of sincerity, and with it the real power of putting down observed landscape.

Mr. Warren shares this deep-seated love of the rural scene and the reality of life he finds there. At his best he can conjure it before us, can feel with Nature and convey his feelings. At other times he seems too self-consciously a nature poet doing his self-appointed duty to the fields and weather. These moments make us wish that verse did not come so easily as it appears to do to him, the simple, one-syllable words, and facile rhymes proving a trifle too artless. So we turn again to such poems as "The Hounds are Gone," or "Wealden Shepherd," or some of the other fine achievements in the book, where the verse comes less trippingly to the tongue but the sense of something deeply felt and carefully observed and expressed gives us the real poet.

Had Mr. Weller been a contemporary critic of literature, I feel sure he would have bidden Mr. Warren "Bevare of Vordsvorth."

H. S.

MEN OF LETTERS

ASPECTS OF DR. JOHNSON. By E. S. ROSCOE. Cambridge University Press. 6s.

"WHAT should books teach but the art of living?" Johnson once asked; and his own warm interest in his fellow-men, coupled with a sane and penetrating realism, led him, even if unconsciously, to apply the saying in his own life. On his teaching of this difficult art rests his greatest claim to remembrance. But the interests of the psychological analyst were not his; he discussed the problem of conduct, as Prof. Trevelyan says, "from the point of view of the plain man's thoughts and instincts." It is this aspect of Johnson which Mr. Roscoe rightly stresses, for in it, to a large extent, lies the secret of his remarkable influence over Englishmen of his own and subsequent times. "Men should keep their friendships in repair," said Johnson; and his advice to a friend who was sorrowing for a dead mother shows that his sympathy was always tempered by the larger considerations of life. A sincere and lucid intellect compelled him to a rigid honesty which made short work of shams. His gospel was one of courage and self-reliance, though the morbid melancholy against which he fought a life-long battle never allowed him to forget that, in Stevenson's phrase, we live "under the imminent hand of God."

He liked Thurlow "because he fairly puts his mind to yours"; and his written statement on a lawyer's duties goes far to prove the author's thesis that Johnson could have been, in the best sense, a great lawyer had he adopted that profession.

Like Lamb (who shares with him that rare thing, the personal affection of his readers), Johnson was essentially urban. He was little moved by country scenes, and sought them, like his contemporaries, mainly for a change of surroundings. Yet in his paper on "Spring," he could draw a lesson from the seasons that still appeals to the "plain man" of today. Hawthorne, being what he was, complained that Johnson did not get below the surface of things. But, as the author points out, this was deliberate; and he rightly adds, "it was a pretty large surface." If he shrank from deeper speculation, in this he was thoroughly English. His strength lay in his ability to go straight for the crucial point as well as in his broad human outlook and zest for life. Mr. Roscoe is occasionally a little loose in the logical connections of his sentences, but his book should help readers to appreciate a great man, a master of fortitude and truth above the clever pens of ironic critics.

BOOKS

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT BURNS. Selected with an Introduction by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. John Lane. 6s.

MR. BRIMLEY JOHNSON is by this time a practised anthologist, and he has made an excellent collection of Burns's letters, backed by a good introduction. A few footnotes might have explained details the average reader is not likely to know. The letters are at their best brilliant in wild improvisation and singularly frank in confession of faults. The correspondence with Clarinda is evidently artificial—a chance for the poet to develop "his education in culture and politeness"; but even here he shows his pride, the pride of Milton's Satan: "People of nice sensibility and generous minds have a certain intrinsic dignity, that fires at being trifled with, or lowered, or even too nearly approached." He proclaims himself "the sport, the miserable victim, of rebellious pride, hypochondriac imagination, agonizing sensibility, and Bedlam passions!" Thanks to his father's zeal for education, he was never the typical child of the plough, and the learned English which he added to his natural language comes out better in his letters than in his poems. There have been great quarrels about his life, and indignation about a word against a national institution. Here the reader can see what he has to say for and against himself.

THE WORKS OF PIERRE LOTI. EGYPT (LA MORT DE PHILÆ) translated by W. P. BAINES. THE ICELAND FISHERMAN (PÊCHEUR D'ISLANDE) translated by W. P. BAINES. JAPAN (MADAME CHRYSANTHÈME) translated by LAURA ENSER with 200 Illustrations by ROSSI and MYRBACH. Werner Laurie. 6s. each.

THIS library edition of Loti with its excellent print is certainly very cheap at the price, and the translations are good. Loti, who is strongest in style and description, is not easily rendered. Here, with a due sense of varying idiom in French and English, his charm is not lost, and the vivid present tense put for the past is rightly not reproduced. "The Iceland Fisherman" is the best of the three books, revealing the sailor author to advantage as a master of sentiment about the sea; but all show his dreamy sense of life, beauty and love too fugitive to last. His Egypt is seen mainly by moonlight with protests against the spectacled tourist. The stylist does not love the practical English and seeks no company but his own—except pretty women, who dominate his rather shallow views of Japan.

RECONSIDERATIONS: LITERARY ESSAYS. By E. E. KELLETT. Cambridge University Press. 8s. 6d.

MR. KELLETT is an essayist of discernment and wide knowledge who is always worth following. He knows how public and even individual taste changes and how the standards of beauty

shift with what Hazlitt called "The Spirit of the Age." What was the merit of Pomfret's mediocre poem, "The Choice"? The question is discussed here with other instances of transient repute. We cannot, however, accuse the public of dropping Stephen Phillips so much as the well-known critics who absurdly overpraised him and then left him alone. One of the most amazing successes was that of the dull and pedantic "Pursuits of Literature," which appeared in a singularly lean time for poetry. The "Critical Certainties" which the last essay discusses are difficult to attain. The judge can at least, as Mr. Kellett says, be honest and not face both ways, and there are some general principles which will help him to a decision. For one thing, he should be what, we fear, he seldom is in our slipshod age, a judge of English and not overcome by popular clamour. The essay on "Joseph Conrad" shows, fairly enough, faults of style which a foreigner can hardly expect to avoid. His meaning is not always clear, his grammar is sometimes shaky, and his idiom more French than English. It is not possible to write to perfection in more than one language; that we take to be a very sound maxim. The "Pitfalls in Shakespearean Criticism" strike us as a little elementary, but they may be pertinent enough for the increasing class who speculate on a little knowledge. "The Translation of the New Testament" raises difficulties which all real students of it have felt. It is absurd, for instance, to read in the Authorized Version the argumentative parts of St. Paul's Epistles and regard them as likely to be intelligible to the unlettered. But there remains in the old version a dignity which Mr. Kellett appears to underrate. Who is to do the new rendering, escaping the vulgarity and colloquialism of today? Is Greek scholarship negligible, and are scholars generally masters of English? Dr. Moffatt is named among the "competent hands," and he made the things "of good report" in Philippians iv, 8, into "high-toned," which seems to us grossly unsuitable. The critic's endowment of fine taste is shown in the essay on "Dramatic Silences," with its effective examples. Cordelia's refusal to speak is not entirely to her credit and a case of inherited obstinacy. Dido's silence in the shades when Æneas presented his tears and commiserations and excuses might have been added, as it has got into English poetry.

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